

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The T.T.C.

▶ AGAIN THE TORONTO Transportation Commission fills a page and a half of the daily newspaper with its annual statement and yet fails to give the information to which we are entitled. For the second year in succession the Commission reports that it has operated at a loss, but its statement of accounts is drawn up in such a way that no one can possibly tell from it whether this is true. The one thing that is quite certain is that the amount of loss shown in these statements is not arrived at by what any one could call a proper and a reasonable accounting procedure. That a publicly owned utility should be allowed, by the ridiculous provisions of the Act which set it up, to issue statements of this kind is a disgrace to the City and the Province. During the whole period of its life the Commission has shown each year a result of operations which could not possibly have been shown had the utility been run by a limited company under the Companies Act. The general public, thinking it knows what is the approximate meaning of the words profit and loss, has been systematically deceived; the public cannot be expected to know that what would be a profit of half a million dollars to a limited company can be miraculously turned into a loss of the same amount by a commission, merely by a book entry.

The statement this year is rather less satisfactory than last year's, for in one particular it is very much more misleading. Last year, a charge of a little over \$3 million was for depreciation and amortization of fixed assets; this year a slightly larger sum is for depreciation. However objectionable it may be from the accounting or any other point of view to charge against operations both depreciation and amortization, it is even more objectionable to make the double charge under the single heading of depreciation. Under this heading in the past the Commission has been repaying its bonds out of surplus on operations. We have never known how much of the item was a legitimate charge, for depreciation and how much was an illegitimate charge for amortization; this year we do not know, and have no means of finding out, whether the Commission has already started to depreciate or amortize the subway property and bonds.

If the Commission is going to occupy a page and a half of the daily newspaper to report on its operations for the year, we might hardly expect that out of total expenses of \$29 million, nearly \$24 million would be grouped under one heading as "All other expenses including maintenance,

repairs, taxes and administration." The whole statement of accounts is tendentious when it should be objective. The Commission did not want to take over the operation of the Island Ferry and therefore sets out as a separate item the loss it states it has incurred on these operations. We should like to know something about the allocation of overhead in arriving at this figure, and we should like to know if it would be shown separately if it had to be shown as a profit.

A reserve for foreign exchange of over \$3 million appears in the balance sheet in connection with the \$35 million bond issue in U.S. funds. No one can tell what the rate of exchange will do during the lifetime of these bonds, but in view of what has happened in the past no one would suggest that the Commission is lacking in caution. The reserve for con-

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tingencies of almost \$4 million is perhaps less the result of caution than of the past difficulties in trying to reduce operating profits and accumulated surplus. What is a contingency? We shall be interested in next year's accounts to see if a strike is a contingency. Interest on the bonds issued for the construction of the subway has been charged against operations although the assets are, of course, not yet producing any revenue; if this had not been done the results would have been better by perhaps \$400,000. The fact that the word "perhaps" has to be used is another adverse comment on the accounts. The reserve for fare stabilization stands at over 6 per cent of the total revenue of the year.

In the report of the General Manager we find a comment on the new bond issue. "This method of procuring funds has not been necessary since the year 1923, as during all of that extended period the Commission financed the many extensions and improvements to the system by the sound and normal business practice of investing its own reserve funds in its undertakings." Whether it can be called normal for such a business to pay off practically the whole of a "capital" of \$42 million in 28 years and at the same time finance extensions is doubtful; no one in his senses would suggest that it is normal to conceal the enormous profits made during this period by charges against operations of items which were not operational.

The General Manager, in writing of the dispute over wages, says that the Commission "is a publicly owned Commission which has a statutory obligation to charge such tolls and fares as will prevent it from operating at a loss." He does not go so far as to say that the fantastic accounting procedure is prescribed by statute (although in fairness to the Commission one may say that it is suggested by statute). Why the City and the public allow this abuse to continue year after year is a mystery. Can anyone point to any other utility, other than the Consumers' Gas Company, that operates under such a curious statute?

C. A. ASHLEY.

Editorials

Collective Bargaining in Agriculture

The fact is often overlooked that collective bargaining, which has usually been associated with industry and labor-management relations, occurs in agriculture too. Across Canada every province except Quebec has enacted legislation whereby the producers of a farm product may, if they desire, band together to bargain collectively with processors, dealers, agents and packers concerning minimum prices, forms of contract, conditions of sale and other important matters.

Collective bargaining via "Marketing Schemes" as they are called, really began in the heart of the depression when farmers were experiencing the worst effects of disorganized and ineffective marketing practices. Just as with labor unions where many sellers (of labor) encountered few buyers and thus individually had almost no bargaining power, so farmers found that in the sale of some products they had no bargaining power when there were only a handful of buyers to purchase the product from the numerous, unorganized producers. The popularity of the Schemes has seemingly increased with prosperity and many of them are of recent origin.

Nevertheless only a month ago an attempt to form a Poultry Scheme was heavily defeated.

Under Ottawa legislation for a few early years (1934-36), all Marketing Schemes now come under provincial legislation. The three Maritime provinces, Saskatchewan and B.C. have about seven Schemes among them, but Ontario, the most diversified producer of farm products, has the greatest number—fifteen. In addition, Ontario has seen four others fail, three in their infancy and the fourth by an adverse farmer vote after the 1950 crop year. The Farm Products Marketing Board at Queen's Park administers the Ontario act under which Schemes are voted upon and under which the commodity boards (of farmer representatives) function.

An Ontario Marketing Scheme is begun by a vote of the producers of the commodity concerned under the supervision of the Farm Products Marketing Board. Two-thirds of the eligible producers must vote in favor of the Scheme, failure to vote being considered a negative vote. If there later appears to be considerable grower opposition to a Scheme another vote may be held, at which time the same two-thirds majority is necessary for it to remain in operation.

Once a favourable vote has been recorded, producers of the commodity elect representatives by districts to a central board. Representatives of producers and of buyers negotiate agreements on minimum prices, conditions of sale and other matters. Failure to agree on any issue results in arbitration by a three-member board. All Ontario Schemes except one permit growers and buyers to deal with whomever they wish providing they conform to the agreement signed by their representatives. Each board finances itself by means of a small levy on each unit sold by a grower to the processors. Fresh fruit and vegetables sold on markets, stands and stores are not included in the Schemes, which usually only include processed fruit and vegetables.

Food products covered by Marketing Schemes in Ontario are:—most vegetables, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, berries, grapes, honey and cheese. How collective bargaining has affected producers, consumers and processors will be considered in a later issue.

Penalizing Literature

For every book produced in Canada or imported here for public sale, unless it comes into a haphazard schedule of favored categories, there is paid in sales tax ten per cent. of what it has cost the publisher or distributor. Furthermore, any book imported from a country not granted Imperial Preference (unless it is on another schedule) pays ten per cent. in duty if it comes from a Most Favored Nation and twenty-five otherwise.

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The main classes of books exempt from sales tax are books for the promotion of religion, books for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, authorized text-books, and copies that will be bought by libraries. Exempt from duty are books for the promotion of religion, science, and the fine arts, books in foreign languages, authorized text-books and books for libraries. For some reason, dictionaries are specifically excluded from exemption.

Anyone but a Minister of Finance or one of his single-minded henchmen knows that the taxation of books is immoral. But it may be felt that, since it is not actual censorship and since the sums involved are small, there is nothing to be distressed about.

True, these taxes do not prevent the circulation of books (nor do public book-burnings—they are merely symbolic acts); but it is strange to think of a customs official deciding, on the strength of a title on an invoice, whether or not a particular book promotes religion. True, too, ten or twenty per cent. of the Canadian publisher's cost on a three-dollar book is within the means of most book-buyers (by the same token the government revenue, less administration costs, must be a drop in the Budget bucket). But direct payment is not the only way in which this nuisance adds to the cost of books. Every publisher, it is said, pays at least one employee to deal with customs brokers who negotiate with officials to prove that this book is prescribed in English 403 at the University of Somewhere (documentary proof required), or that that book is in a foreign language (e.g. French!) but is not a dictionary, or that the other book is about art though its title is *Lust For Life*, or that economics is really a science. Furthermore, the high prices of imported books cause many readers and libraries to buy directly from booksellers or jobbers abroad. Nobody can blame them; but this is money that could have gone to Canadian booksellers, to improve the distribution of books in this country, and to Canadian publishers, for investment in the publication of Canadian books.

But is anyone interested? UNESCO asked its members to abolish all taxes on books. Many did so, but the government of Canada smiled inscrutably and did nothing. Even the Massey Commission showed only the mildest interest in the matter. It is time, we feel, that bookbuyers started to badger their MPs about this absurd nuisance tax.

The Saskatchewan Election

The sweeping victory of the CCF in Saskatchewan on June 11 is even more impressive than its first success in 1944. At that time the people of the province were voting against an ineffectual and discredited Liberal regime. This time people voted for a government that had been in power for eight years. In short, they voted for more of same. At the moment, with all the results not yet available, it looks as if the CCF has also won a higher percentage of the popular vote than in 1944. Endorsation of the government could hardly be more emphatic.

As has been the case since 1929, no Conservative was elected to the legislature. This time the party could muster only eight candidates; their leader ran third in his constituency; all the others polled small votes and lost their election deposits. Social Credit fared no better; it made no appeal and was not a factor in the outcome. All but one of the S.C. candidates lost their election deposits.

The Liberals offered no alternative. After having opposed and attacked for eight years the government's main measures, they did a right-about-face and promised to keep all the good things and operate them more efficiently. They were also handicapped by a bumbling leader and by the interven-

tion of the Hon. J. G. Gardiner, who lost votes wherever he went. The editor of the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*, apparently trying to be as silly as the Toronto *Star*, adopted the fictional guise of a moronic CCF farmer and wrote himself a series of letters of the purest "corn." This backfired; farmers don't like city slickers who make fun of farmers, no matter what their politics.

Labour Relations Board

It is admittedly difficult to get impartial judgment in labor disputes or labor relations generally. But the Ontario Labour Relations Act insists that such judgment be given and the Minister of Labour must often appoint chairmen to Boards of Conciliation where the employer and union nominees have failed to agree on a nomination. The act also provides for a Labour Relations Board, equally representative of labor and management with an ostensibly impartial chairman.

The recent resignation of Mr. Draper as the Board's chairman resulted in the appointment of Mr. E. N. Davis in his stead. Mr. Davis is undoubtedly familiar with industrial relations but his selection must certainly have deprived the government of whatever confidence organized labor still had in it. For Mr. Davis was, previous to his appointment, personnel manager for the Campbell Soup Company Limited. He had, in fact, only a few weeks before been nominated to act as the employer's nominee to a Board of Conciliation by a textile firm.

Since the chairman of the Labour Relations Board may not infrequently have to cast a deciding vote, Mr. Davis' appointment can quite justifiably be considered by organized labor as a move to make its nominees on the Board a permanent minority. This is bound to change the complexion of industrial relations in the province. Only unions with an absolutely unassailable case will appear before the Board with any degree of confidence in the outcome. Others will do so with the feeling that the issue has been prejudiced in the employer's or the company union's favor by a Board loaded against them.

National Conference on Adult Education

One of the major activities of the Canadian Association for Adult Education is the calling of conferences of various kinds. Out of these gatherings have come many of the ideas which resulted in the adult education programs which now exist in Canada. The most recent national meeting has just been held at McGill University in Montreal and proved to be much more than a conference by a single agency. The hundred delegates included representatives from appropriate departments of the federal and provincial governments, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the National Film Board, and almost every other organization which is engaged in any way in helping adults in Canada to become more productive and responsible citizens.

The agenda of this national conference was varied and at first glance complex. Perhaps not every interest was included in the program as it was finally arranged, but that was hardly the fault of the Association's tidy-minded director, Dr. J. R. Kidd, who gave all comers an equal opportunity to participate. The results were most informative. In outlining the current trends in adult education in western Canada, Dr. John Friesen of the Manitoba Wheat Pool pointed out that efforts by educators to organize people on a community basis had to face the fact that people were being organized at a greater rate into occupational groups with economic

rather than social objectives as their goal. Unfortunately Dr. Friesen made no attempt to explore this interesting point further. It is a subject on which little has been said elsewhere; and yet it is the crux of the problem faced by any person or group of persons who attempt to unite people in any urban or rural community for common action on the basis of neighborliness.

In a subsequent discussion the day after on the potential contribution of adult education to business, labor, and agriculture, the points that emerged illustrated this same theme, though without any apparent awareness of the fact by any of the speakers involved. Speaking for labor, Mr. Leslie Wismer of the Trades and Labour Congress stated his position both effectively and with refreshing frankness. He said that organized labor is a pressure group competing with other pressure groups in the economic and social structure of the country. Therefore adult education in its varied activities interested organized labor only to the extent that it increased labor's effectiveness as a pressure group. While one must perforce admire a mind that knows so plainly where it is going, the liberal man will no doubt feel some qualms about the narrowness of the way. The speaker who followed, Mr. O. J. W. Shugg of the National Dairy Council, touched on this point in outlining the contribution that adult education should make to agriculture. In essence what Mr. Shugg put forward was that adult education consists of making each of us more aware that the other fellow has a point of view too and what it is. He pointed out that such educational projects as National Farm Radio Forum and Citizens' Forum had made a notable contribution in this regard over a period of years. As a result of their participation in National Farm Radio Forum, Mr. Shugg felt that rural Canada was increasingly aware of the economic situation in other provinces and in urban centres; and he suggested that organized labor would do well to extend the acquaintance of its members with the problems faced by Canadian agriculture. The symposium ended with an expression of the businessman's views on adult education outlined by Mr. P. T. R. Pugsley, International President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Pugsley dealt expansively with "the Canadian way of life" and appeared to be against sin.

Of the full-length addresses presented at the conference, one of the most effective was a statement on "Adult Education in French Canada" by Professor Leon Lortie of the University of Montreal. Professor Lortie analyzed the fragments with which he had to work while chairman of the now-defunct Quebec Council on Adult Education and the principles underlying their behaviour when they engaged in a joint program of community action. His observations and conclusions are equally pertinent elsewhere in Canada and should be published shortly in the Canadian Association for Adult Education publication *Food for Thought*, along with appropriate notes on other aspects of the national conference.

JOHN NICOL

Twenty-five Years Ago

VOL. 7, No. 82, JULY, 1927, *The Canadian Forum*.

A very interesting event in Canada . . . has undoubtedly been the coming of the notorious Emma Goldman to live temporarily among us. In spite of the fact that her life has been unusually eventful and interesting, many no doubt have waited upon chance to hear her speak. Anyone who has seen or known Emma Goldman, in any measure, must feel that it is her personality more than anything else which interests us in her. . . . She was born in Russia in 1869. She herself says that a rebel is born, not made. As a child, she shocked

her conservative parents by her friendship with the family servants and her sympathy with their lot. At the age of sixteen she came to the United States. Shortly afterwards the trial and condemnation to death of five so-called anarchists took place. Following the events of the trial in the newspapers her sympathies became enlisted with the men, and her conviction grew that they were being unjustly sentenced. . . . She herself became an anarchist, but an anarchist who condemns violence, although to some people that would seem a contradiction in terms. Her views take form from a passionate belief in individual liberty—the right of everyone to expand in harmony with his own nature. What she resents more than anything else is interference in what she regards as our personal concerns. . . . The war broke out, and as a disbeliever in violence of any kind, she naturally proclaimed herself a pacifist. This led, after conscription, to a two years' imprisonment. On being released, she spoke on behalf of the Soviets, from whom she expected the liberty she had hitherto sought in vain. The result was that, along with many others, she was "taken up" and sentenced to deportation to Russia. . . . Her experience of the Soviet régime soon disillusioned her, as it has disillusioned so many others, and she abandoned Russia in disgust. She desired to return to the United States, but because she refused to promise silence on many questions, she was debarred from re-entering that country and came to live in Canada. . . . During the remainder of her stay, it will be a pity if more of us do not avail ourselves of the opportunity of hearing her speak.

(From "An Unusual Visitor," by Edith Alexander.)

What's Left in France

Michael Shenstone

I—The Classic Left

► AS I WRITE, CAPTAIN LEFORT, Chief of the French Military Homing-Pigeon Service, and Mr. Poulain, President of the Pigeon-Fanciers' Society of France, are examining the two pigeons whose dead, warm bodies were found — along with a steel truncheon and a German revolver — in Jacques Duclos's car when he was arrested last week. Did Mr. Duclos, who is the acting Secretary of the Communist Party, plan to use these pigeons to send out messages to the rioters who were that afternoon protesting General Ridgway's arrival? Or did he plan to eat them? The world is soon to be told.

A close study of developments in French left-wing politics thus does have its own small pleasures. But there are all too few of them. 26.5 per cent Communist and only 14.5 per cent Socialist at the elections of June, 1951 — these are the grim, unavoidable realities of French public opinion. Although the protest riots that resulted in the pigeon incident did not rally nearly as many Communists as expected, the thousands of steel-helmeted policemen lining the streets and the police-vans coming back to our local police-station with their bullet-proof wind-shields smashed in by rocks, were signs that the French left has not changed much.

Socialists and Communists may be called the Classic Left in France, because of a deep underlying stability in French politics that is not often clear to the foreign observer. French parties live on their past quite as much as Anglo-Saxon ones, and the term "left" has come to imply automatically not only "democratic" in the usual modern gamut of senses, but also, and still very prominently, "anti-clerical." This, obviously, is in sharp contrast with the Anglo-Saxon pattern, where left-wing people treat religion more with uninterest than with aggressiveness. It is a shock to discover

how deep the division goes: there are Catholic charities and "lay" charities in France. There are three types of boy scouts: "les scouts" (Catholic), "les éclaireurs" (lay), and a Communist equivalent. A Socialist in our quarter of Paris told me proudly the other day how well things were going in his section — the Socialists had recently "got" the local lay scouts. Shops near us often stay defiantly open on important religious holidays so as not to offend their anti-clerical clientele.

This artificial division of politics into anti-clericalism = democracy, and Catholicism = reaction is still a living reality to many Frenchmen, particularly Socialists. Such a view ignores two factors: the French Catholic Church is probably the boldest and most progressive branch of that creed in the world; and for the first time there exists in France, since the war, a large Catholic party — the MRP — that can no longer be called purely right-wing. It is this new form of the Left in France, if it continues as such, that is probably the most interesting to us as Canadians, for it throws light on the possible development of left-wing movements in Quebec. The importance of this New Left in France will be discussed in the second of these two articles.

To return to the Classic Left the French Communist party is often said to be Moscow's most blindly faithful supporter. Certainly nowhere west of the Elbe is the press more rigidly disciplined — the latest example of this being the aplomb with which from one day to the next *L'Humanité* reversed its attitude to German rearmament after the Russian note on the subject. In view of this orthodoxy, there is little that need be said here about the party's views on politics or on culture. The Communists have considerable literary talent at their command, and the French gift for literature produces books written within the immutable Soviet canons that can nevertheless be enjoyed by the unconverted. In

painting, works of Socialist Realism—e.g., a scene of general folksy rejoicing in a poor Paris suburb, entitled "Maurice Va Mieux" (a reference to Thorez's convalescence in the Crimea) — are also duly produced, but are not enjoyed by the unconverted. A Congress of Party intellectuals, incidentally, recently managed to perform the dialectical feat of at once reaffirming their faith that Socialist Realism is the only true path in art, and sending a telegram of warm greeting to Picasso.

Yet there are indications that the actual mass of Communist voters do not conform to the official pattern. There is a tradition in France, dating back at least to Louis XIV, that the government is the citizen's foe, and it has been shown, for instance, that large areas of France have always voted for the most extreme party (Radicals before 1900, Socialists before 1921 and now Communists) more or less on the grounds that voting for the opposition weakens the

The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.

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government and leaves the voter to do what he pleases. The Midi, for example, includes numbers of kulaks who certainly vote for Communism only as long as it is not likely to come about.

A recent Gallup poll in France (as published in the May issue of *Réalités*, and *l'Observateur* of May 29) confirms this divergence between the aims of the Communist leaders and their electors. The poll showed what one might expect: That the Communists were much stronger among those under thirty-five and among workers than any other one party, that they were more active in attending meetings and giving money, had more confidence in their own party, and were more anti-American. But it also showed that 65 per cent of them believe that France should stay *neutral* in a Russo-American war if she could do so; that only half of them believe power should be taken by unconstitutional means; that only a minority of them give "the struggle for peace" or "throwing off American domination" as a reason why they are Communist. Some even add a criticism that their party should insist less on the USSR. Most give as their reason economic motives — inflation, wages, improvement of the lot of the working class, and the like. Not many use hallowed Marxian terms such as "class struggle," "exploitation," or "freeing of the workers."

The fall in circulation of *L'Humanité* (like most French party newspapers), and of membership in the Communist trade unions, mentioned in previous issues of the *Forum*, is apparently continuing. It may therefore be assumed that the current emphasis of Communist leaders on political issues, at the cost of such things as wage claims and social reforms, is an error; though unchanged by-election figures indicate that there is merely a decline in enthusiasm rather than a shift in support. This political emphasis was increased during the last week in the protest marches and strikes at the arrival of RIDGWAY-LA-PESTE (as he is called on the walls) and at the arrest of Duclos for incitement to riot. The strikes this week were a remarkable failure. Yet Communist leaders have in the past fortnight been calling for "profound political changes" in a way that they have not done for some time, and the new toughness may prove to be a turning point.

The Socialists have become somewhat of an obsession with people who write about French politics; the annual wordage output about them — mostly predictions of demise, lamentations of decadence, and forecasts of failure — is astonishing in its quantity. Yet with 14.5 per cent of French votes (as opposed to 21 per cent in 1945) they are now about the equals of the CCF in Canada at 13.6 per cent, if one makes allowance for the Canadian voter's desire not to waste his vote under our electoral system; and the CCF feels lucky to get its name in the papers. This continuing importance is partly because with the exclusion of the Communists from the Parliamentary game, the Socialists form the extreme Left of those parties from which a government may be formed, and therefore their opinions are listened to; and partly, it would seem, because many Frenchmen do not vote Socialist but would very much like to do so if only the party were other than it is — for the Socialists do represent to a certain extent a protest against existing conditions without a complete reversal of them at the expense of France. The strength of this Third Force idea is as much national as ideological — as much a desire to maintain France's importance vis-à-vis Russia and America as a desire to find a middle way between communism and capitalism. But from these desires to the reality of the Socialist party is a long way for the voter to travel.

More than most other parties, the Socialists give you the impression of living on their past. There is a curious musty odor about their proceedings — the terrifyingly bearded

portraits of their bygone pamphlets which are issued with the speeches of Jaurès (d. 1914) or Blum, the way everyone must heartily call his fellow-member "camarade" and "toi," the phrases about "class struggle" and the like in the mouths of members of a party with not much higher a proportion of workers than the MRP or Gaullists. They also live on their comrades abroad. An emphasis is laid on the unity of international socialism unknown to Anglo-Saxon Social Democrats. The party is still commonly known as the SFIO — "Section Française de l'Internationale Ouvrière." Foreign delegates are wildly cheered at party congresses, and local meetings are rather too often occupied with accounts of the goings on of socialism abroad. But it is here precisely that one realizes the enormous importance of the Labor government outside of Britain, and the inspiration which its successes have given. Criticism of the Laborites is keen, of course, particularly over their isolationism with regard to Europe, but again and again their accomplishments are brought up as reasons why Socialism can continue in the modern world, or why such-and-such an obscure party member found an ideological home after the post-war disillusionment with communism had set in.

Similarly, close attention is being paid to "le bevanisme," and the division in the Labor Party over rearmament is directly connected with the split in about the same proportions at the recent Socialist Congress over Germany and the European Army. As in Britain, this split is not likely to result in any schism, even though the Socialists naturally have more neutralists than any other group.

Again like the Laborites, the Socialists have for the moment no clear idea of where they are going, and are using the period during which they are out of office to think through and strengthen their doctrine. But the French Socialists are in contrast out of office by choice, and their hard-to-get attitude has annoyed many people.

To the foreigner, the French Socialists would seem to attach too much importance to anti-clericalism, which has not been one of France's vital problems since about 1905. All last summer they battled with what had been their closest friends, the MRP, over a proposal to give small subsidies to Catholic schools, somewhat as in Ontario. Considering that France is still a Catholic country, the proposal did not seem particularly dangerous. The resulting estrangement of the MRP has shifted the whole balance of power to the right, and with Pinay France now has a more right-wing government than it has had for decades except naturally during the war.

Divided and confused as they are, French Socialists still provide one of the most stable elements in the country, and their leaders — men like Jules Moch and Guy Mollet — are strong and remarkably able. Their enthusiasm for European unity, of the proper sort, is firm. They are practically the only non-Communist French party to protest against the French goings-on in North Africa this winter. Barring international disaster, the Socialists have probably already reached their lowest point, and may well pick up some strength after a time. But there is no likelihood in our lifetime of their becoming a broad national party like the Labor Party, for a basis of elderly workmen and petty civil servants is not a good enough foundation on which to build.

The Classic Left in France thus seems stalemated for the moment. If the Communists grow more violent, they increase their isolation; if they continue their policy of *entente* that has been in effect since 1948, they decrease their effectiveness. On the other hand, the way of reformist Socialism will be hard indeed, for the traditional bitter distrust of the ruling classes among the workers is stronger than ever after

the betrayal of Vichy. Truly more than any other, the French working-class is a prisoner of its own history, and France is in for many more turbulent decades.

P.S.—According to a late bulletin as I mail this article, the Government finds that the pigeons were for eating. *Vive la France!*

Paris, June 7, 1952.

[A second article representing the point of view of the Catholic Left in France will appear in our next issue—Ed.]

Peronista-Communist Co-operation in Latin America

Robert J. Alexander

▶ A POTENTIALLY VERY DANGEROUS alliance between the Communists and the Peronistas is developing in Latin America, particularly in the field of organized labor. In spite of the fact that Peron has pictured himself as the supporter of a "third front" in international politics, in recent months the Peronistas have been concentrating their attack on the "imperialism" of the United States, and have had little to say about the Communists.

However, the parallelism of the Peronista and Communist attacks on the United States are not confined to neutrality as between one another and joint concentration on Uncle Sam. Increasingly, the Peronistas are expressing support of the fight of the Communists in the international labor movement, while their attacks on the U.S. are increasingly using Stalinist terminology. Finally, there is evidence that there is actual organizational co-operation between the two groups.

The turn of the Peronistas toward co-operation with the Communists against the United States may perhaps be dated from January, 1951. In that month the Peronistas were rejected from the founding meeting of the American Regional Organization of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (the ORIT), held in Mexico City. In that month, too, Peron moved to close *La Prensa*, and relations between the Peron regime and the United States Government reached a new low. Since January, 1951, the Peronistas have stepped up their anti-United States campaign. Activities of Argentine diplomats in spreading anti-Yankee propaganda have been noted as far away as the Arab countries of the Middle East. However, they have been particularly notable in Latin America.

As a result of the rejection of the delegates of Peron's CGT (General Confederation of Labor) from the ORIT conference, the Peronistas set about organizing a rival group. The first step in this direction was the holding of the First Labor Conference of the Rio de la Plata in Asuncion, Paraguay, during the second week of February, 1952.

According to the organizers of the Conference there were delegates present from sixteen countries. Of the 105 delegates attending the meeting half a dozen or so from Guatemala, Bolivia, and Peru were known to be Stalinist Communists, and no attempt was made to keep them away from the meeting. Interestingly enough, the conference also had the open support of the "official" Trotskyite party of Bolivia, the Partido Obrero Revolucionario, which follows the pro-U.S.S.R. line of the Fourth International.

However, the Communists had little influence in the meeting. It was completely in the hands of the Peronistas—which did not prevent it from adopting resolutions which might well have been accepted by a meeting under Stalinist direction. Aside from the organizational resolutions which set up the Latin American Trade Union Unity Committee,

there were two important programmatic resolutions adopted at the meeting: concerning Guatemala and Puerto Rico.

The first of these dealt with the conflict between the United Fruit Company and the unions. It read: "Considering that the organized workers and people of Guatemala are carrying on the hardest and most effective struggle against imperialism in the form of the United Fruit Company which is the owner of the railroads and one of the most important of the country's ports; and considering that this meeting of Latin American workers is completely anti-imperialist and that all anti-imperialist struggles merit its support, and that of all Latin American workers; therefore be it resolved that (1) a message be sent to the labor organizations and people of Guatemala, expressing the solidarity of the Latin American workers; (2) that the labor organizations of every country will fight for the revision of contracts with foreign enterprises which are onerous for the economy and for their respective peoples; and (3) that all publicity necessary will be given to this resolution."

More pointedly aimed at the United States was the resolution concerning Puerto Rico which maintained that "Puerto Rico has by an act of violence been deprived of the sovereignty which is the inalienable right of all nations of the American community, and which is its right as an independent and free country; and whereas, the First Conference of Latin American Trade Union Unity cannot remain indifferent to the situation of its Puerto Rican brothers whose sovereignty has been subverted since one of the objects of this conference is to fight against the imperialism which seeks to suppress the essential liberty of the Latin American peoples; therefore be it resolved, (1) to express its condemnation of the forceful deprivation of Puerto Rican sovereignty; (2) authorize the Latin American Committee of Trade Union Unity to work for the return to Puerto Rico of the full sovereignty which is necessary for it to function as a free and independent nation."

A number of the speeches made at the Congress were violent in their attacks on "imperialism," by which they obviously meant the imperialism of the United States. For instance, the Bolivian delegate, Mario Torres Calleja, repeated the well-known theme that the Chaco War between Bolivia and Paraguay resulted directly from the rivalries of the Standard Oil and Dutch Shell for the oil resources of the Chaco area. The Colombian delegation proclaimed one of the chief objectives of the conference to be to see that "the peoples of America no longer submit as they have done heretofore to the injustices and attacks from the different arms of imperialism."

The Argentine chief delegate, Jose Espejo, secretary general of the General Confederation of Labor, said in an opening speech to the conference: "I know, comrades, that there are parts of Latin America—and I shall ask your pardon if I become emotional about this—where the workers are vilely exploited. Dominant imperialism exploits the aged, some children throughout our America . . . we are not disposed to receive orders from the imperialists who attempt to enslave the humble . . ."

That such sentiments as this should be expressed at a Latin American labor gathering is not surprising. Both the CIT and the American Regional Organization of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions have pledged themselves to fight against imperialism in America. However, what is surprising in a meeting which is supposed to chart a "third course" between "capitalist imperialism" and Communism is that there was apparently no mention at all of the Communists and their position in Latin American labor. This is particularly noteworthy when it is considered that the only country concerning the struggle of whose workers

the Congress thought it important to devote a special resolution to was Guatemala, where the working class organizations are under the leadership of the Communists.

Ample evidence of the fact that the Peronistas and the Communists are now operating along completely parallel lines in Latin America—if not in actual co-operation with one another—is found in the pages of "CGT," the publication of Peron's Charley McCarthy-like labor organization, the General Confederation of Labor. It has been increasingly vituperative in its campaign against the United States and against American labor, and much of the attack has had a flavor which might be found in the Cominform's "For a Lasting Peace, For a People's Democracy."

On January 25, 1952, "CGT" carried prominently on the last page a cartoon showing the Statue of Liberty with the face of Harry Truman, the torch holding a rope at the end of which dangled the lifeless body of a Negro. The accompanying text argued that there was "mounting terror" against Negroes in the United States. The rest of the page was taken up with a violent attack against Serafino Romualdi, Latin American Representative of the AFL, and Jacob Potofsky, head of the CIO International Relations Committee.

On February 29, 1952, "CGT" carried a cartoon showing Philip Murray, Jacob Potofsky, and another unidentified CIO leader as ballet dancers. The text under the cartoon said: "The farce of the CIO, with its paid leaders, old and well-known agents of Wall Street, is a performance which daily amuses the whole world."

Under this cartoon is an article headlined, "The Farce of the CIO: An Organization in the Service of the Magnates of Wall Street." This article develops the theme of its headline in a manner worthy of the World Federation of Trade Unions itself. It says: "The annual ballet of the CIO, with its old imperialist agents pretending to be labor leaders, repeating year after year the same contortions with their accompanying histrionic gestures, is certainly the greatest diversion of the North American theatrical season."

The article goes on: "What is the CIO in reality? Within the perfect machinery of imperialism, it has as do all imperialist tools, two faces, but one real function. One of its faces is that which makes it appear as if it were a trade-union confederation which is seeking to unite millions of industrial workers. This face is a difficult one to maintain from the beginning, and by the end of the season it has worn very thin indeed. The daily 'unofficial' strikes of its unions—that is, against the orders of the CIO, demonstrate categorically that the alleged trade-union central organization neither organizes nor directs its supposed affiliates."

"The other picture of the CIO is that of the latest result of the flexibility of American trade unionism, the mission of which is to keep aside from the traditional class struggle, study problems and propose more vast and radical solutions to them. This visage of the CIO is no more successful than the first . . .

"And this brings us to the real function of the CIO—along with the American Federation of Labor. This is demonstrated among other things by the agreement recently signed by these two groups with President Truman, by which they will not ask for any more wage increases nor support any moves toward this end as a means of showing 'labor co-operation' with the war program of the United States . . ."

Two other articles in this same issue of "CGT" indicate the same drift of affairs. One is entitled "Conspiracy Against Latin America," which characterizes the newspapers of Uruguay and other Latin American countries which oppose the Peronistas as having "the essential function of attacking

Argentina and always supporting the United States. And the added function of supporting capitalism against the working class, the exploiter against the exploited, and siding always with the victor."

A large article on the back page of this issue entitled "Imperialism Mobilizes All Its Resources for the Economic War," discusses the Guatemalan situation and implies if it does not state that the issue of Communism in the Guatemalan controversy is something brought up merely to support the United Fruit Company.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of all of a growing alliance between Peronistas and Communists in Latin America is an article in the February 22 issue of "CGT" entitled "The Resolutions Adopted by the Committee of Trade Union Unity Have Vast Implications," the article professes to trace the developments in the world-wide trade-union movement during the last few years, culminating as "CGT" sees it in the Asuncion conference.

The article talks of "the action of Big Business recently to infiltrate the world labor movement." In this connection it notes the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, "created in London in 1950 to combat the World Union of Free Trade Unions, which was accused of being dominated by Communist ideology and of serving the interests of Soviet imperialism."

The Inter American Regional Organization of Workers (ORIT) is, according to the CGT writer, another weapon of Big Business. He says of its founding congress, "Even if there was in the program of the meeting such objectives as the fight for the improvement of the standard of living of the working classes, the facts demonstrated that it was intended merely to unify the unions so as to submit them to Big Business, so that the workers would not interfere with Big Business' operations in Latin America."

The article goes on: "One proof of the submission of millions of workers of Europe and other continents to the machinations of Wall Street is the decision of the ECA, new organ of the Marshall Plan, to not give any economic aid to industrial enterprises of those countries in whose plants worked members of the World Union of Free Trade Unions. (The WFTU - RJA). In this way, and under this pressure, all the workers of Western Europe will be forced to join the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions . . .

"The necessity of constituting an entity which would extend its action to all parts of the world was demonstrated also by the pseudo trade union leaders when they resolved to create a new Socialist International, which was done in Frankfurt in a meeting attended by British, German, Italian, and French delegates. This maneuver, which was designed to take the working masses of the world by surprise, did not have the effect which was intended, and did not meet the approval even of many Socialist organizations . . .

"... The refusal of the North Americans to give aid to European firms employing members of the World Union of Free Trade Unions, approved by the North American Senate under the name of the Benton Amendment, the creation of the New Socialist International, and all of the decisions adopted by the pseudo-labor leaders in international conferences have only one aim. That is none other than that of enrolling all the trade unions of the world in different organizations which, whatever their appearances, will in fact be managed by Big Business."

In discussing various of the leaders of the ICFTU, this article refers to Jacob Potofsky, head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (CIO), as "that Russian renegade." Potofsky won the particular dislike of the Peronistas by being the spokesman for the American delegation to the founding

congress of the ORIT, and in the name of both the CIO and AFL opposing the admission of the Argentine CGT to this meeting.

The long-range effects of this growing tendency of the anti-Americanism of the Peronistas and the anti-Americanism of the Communists to join forces in Latin America could be very serious. In the labor movements of the region, a joining of forces by the Peronistas and Communists could be a very serious blow to the democratic forces in the trade unions. If the Peronista government were to be willing to finance a new continental labor organization in which the Communists would be welcomed, this might be the vehicle for the recovery of Communist strength among the workers of Latin America, which in the last few years has reached a low ebb in the hemisphere. It would be interesting to speculate concerning the fate of Lombardo Toledano's CTAL, which has hitherto been the Communist vehicle in the Latin-American labor field under these circumstances.

The Progressive Conservative Party: A Stocktaking

J. M. Macdonnell

► IT WOULD BE IDLE to deny that the election of 1949 was a great disappointment to us in the Progressive Conservative party. In 1940 we had won only 39 seats. In 1945 we made a good advance—our representation was 67. But in 1949, we slipped back practically to the same position as in 1940. Since then, we have had much to encourage us. We have won 13 by-elections, 8 of them former Liberal seats. We have won every by-election outside the Province of Quebec with the exception of North Waterloo which, however, was perhaps more of a real victory than some of those we won. In North Waterloo we reduced the majority of 10,486 in 1949 to 1,580, which figures I think speak for themselves. It is also worth recording that our candidate there was a woman, Miss Janzen.

Our gains are spread over six provinces, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba. Notwithstanding that we won all the five by-elections in 1951 and only 4 out of 6 on May 26 last, the verdict of this year is even more encouraging than that of 1951 because of the surprising and vastly reassuring result in the constituency of Roberval in Quebec where there are only 61 English families, and in the predominantly French riding of Gloucester, N.B. Gloucester and Roberval have given the complete answer to the constantly reiterated prediction that we cannot win seats in French constituencies.

We must not overlook the fact that in Roberval there was an independent Liberal candidate to split the vote, nor must we overlook the fact that voters are more ready to vote against the government in by-elections than in general elections, by way of protest. But after making the necessary allowances, the capture of seats on May 26 in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick, added to the complete sweep of 1951, and having regard in particular to the astonishing change-over of French votes in Roberval and Gloucester, it is no exaggeration to say that the situation is profoundly changed. To believe that we now have a real chance of winning the next general election is not merely an act of hope or faith but a conclusion reached by ordinary process of reasoning based on clear evidence.

In view of the interest aroused by the provincial elections of this summer, The Canadian Forum presents a number of articles by spokesmen of different political outlooks. Mr. Macdonnell, financial critic of the Progressive Conservative opposition in the federal parliament, reviews the state of his party.

The reasons for the general revolt against the present administration are not hard to find.

(1) People are tax-conscious and tax-angry as perhaps never before.

(2) People are not convinced that any real attempt has been made to economize—for example, they find it hard to understand why the Department of National Defence spends nearly \$5 million on telegraphs, telephones, and other methods of communication.

(3) The rash of thefts at military establishments across the whole country, coupled with the refusal to allow the Defence Expenditures Committee to investigate the thefts at Petawawa have created a bad impression. Even the *Montreal Star* which has been a most zealous government supporter has this to say. I quote from an editorial of May 20 which said, in part: "The atmosphere in Ottawa is not very happy these days and the course of the debate on defence thefts and alleged extravagance is confusing a good many people. For this, it seems to us the government is a good deal to blame . . . The basic fact of politics at the present



BARN DOOR (Linocut)—HAROLD FRANCIS

moment is that the public resents the high level of taxes and was disappointed in the budget. There may be irrationality in that resentment, for the huge size of the budget reflects the public demand for increased social security and the essential needs for defence. But the discovery of missing railway tracks, petty extravagances . . . combine to make people angry and distrustful . . . The government is not presenting its case properly and the impression is being created that its case is bad."

(4) There is a strong feeling that parliament is out of balance — like a football match where one side has twice as many players as the other. I, myself, used this argument exclusively in a by-election in 1949 and I found that it was accepted without question. I found it particularly interesting at that time to note that there was special readiness to accept this argument on the part of new Canadians who did not yet know our language too well. In several cases, the ball was taken from me — in other words, the argument was finished for me — by people who said "Yes, the government mustn't be too strong." People from Eastern Europe know this argument only too well.

(5) The feeling is growing that the government has been in too long and that too long a lease of power is bad. The man on the street does not know the famous quotation from Lord Acton about the corrupting influence of power, but he has a sound instinct which is often a much safer guide to wise action than the ratiocination of the intellectuals. I have found that a good many of my intellectual friends have completely closed minds on the subject of politics. They seem to be completely bewitched by the word "Liberal" and to be unable to distinguish between a large "L" and a small "l." They will admit that the government has been in too long, they will admit that long tenure of power is a threat to parliamentary institutions, they will make other admissions, but then wind up with an air of ineffable superiority. "Of course, I am a Liberal," as much as to say "I am a reasonable being." I still cherish the hope that somehow common sense may break in on them and bring them to the same level of political maturity as the man on the street.

The truth, of course, is that we now have a government which, like the Stuarts, believe they rule by divine right. It is really not dreamt of in their philosophy (unless they have changed since May 26) that they can be defeated. Last June when we won all the by-elections one of the ministers sent me a pleasant note of congratulation across the gangway, but wound up by saying "But of course it couldn't happen in a general election, could it?"

(6) Finally, I refer to the disregard of parliament. This phrase has become hackneyed, but I shall try to give evidence which cannot be disregarded to show that the disregard is real.

No one need be concerned when Mr. Howe disregards parliament in his swashbuckling style. We know he is allergic to the democratic process and when he uses as a final argument "If we want to get away with it, who is going to stop us?" we are not surprised and we just say to ourselves "That is just C.D." and we remind ourselves that he has been a useful public servant in other ways.

"But," it will be said, "that is only C.D. After all, we have in the Prime Minister a great lawyer, a man who appreciates and understands constitutional matters and who will understand fully the meaning of the democratic process and be most anxious to preserve it in every way." That would be a reasonable conclusion, and when we find that it is an unsound one and that the Prime Minister, whom we not only like and respect but whom we would have expected to be the guardian of the rights of minorities, that cornerstone of our

system, when we find that he, too, has been so overwhelmed by this atmosphere of divine right that he is ready to brush aside long-established and well tried parliamentary rights, then surely it is time for us to take fright, and that is exactly what has happened.

On March 31, we had an item of expenditure in supplementary estimates of \$21,500 to provide for expenses of lieutenant governors. There was no real question about granting the money, but the Prime Minister was asked whether he would not agree that the matter should be done in the usual direct way — by legislation, and not in the indirect way — by bringing it before the House as an item in the estimates and voting it through without any other authority. The Prime Minister's answer was "If it were done in the direct way, Mr. Chairman, there would be at least six occasions for debate upon it. There would be the resolution stage, the three readings of the bill, and so on. If we were to attempt to do all these little things by means of bills requiring a resolution, we would not be able to have one session per year as the constitution requires; it would take several years to have a session."

The Prime Minister was partly wrong, because there is no debate on the first reading of the Bill. But nevertheless, it is true that if the matter had been dealt with by legislation it would have given to the Opposition a chance of repeated debate just as the Prime Minister described it. It is true that under our system, through the wisdom of our ancestors, there is an astonishing number of safeguards available to the Opposition to the end that they may have time to let public opinion register and, if necessary, bring to bear its influence on the government. This is really the genius of our system — the very pith and substance of the democratic process which gives the minority ample rights to be heard.

But to hear the Prime Minister talk that evening — the Prime Minister, mark you, whom we all respect and like — you would think that this system had been invented just to waste the time of parliament, just to allow the Opposition to hear itself talk, just to irritate and waste the time of the Prime Minister and his colleagues.

As I implied earlier, no one would have been surprised or much upset if Mr. Howe had made these remarks, but coming from the Prime Minister they were disturbing. It is true that the democratic process involves a lot of talk because, after all, the essence of it is that the minority has only the one weapon, the weapon of debate. It is this weapon, this *sine qua non* of democracy which more than anything else has brought about the great achievement of democracy which as was pointed out by the *New York Times* years ago consists in one very simple thing, the capacity to change our government peaceably by ballot and not by bullets. It is the protection of the rights of the minority which makes the minority ready to submit to the rule of the majority, knowing that they will have ample chance of debate and one day a free election.

Often for long periods it may appear that nothing very practical results from the Opposition's efforts. They continue working away, and must derive comfort from the thought that when you break a stone with 100 taps that does not mean the first 99 did nothing. Happily, every now and again, something arises which demonstrates beyond peradventure the usefulness of the Opposition in government and the wisdom of the parliamentary procedure. It so happens that only a few months ago there was an instance which really is worthy of being put in a text book.

The government proposed a measure to alter radically the necessity for asking tenders in the public works department. This was debated on the 15th of December and the Opposition protested against it in the strongest manner. The press

carried to the public report of the debate. The measure came to the House again two weeks later. During that period it became perfectly clear through the efforts of the press and others that public opinion was against this change, and the government, in spite of its huge majority, was obliged to abandon it. Nothing could show more clearly the effectiveness of our present parliamentary system. By exercising its parliamentary rights, the Opposition gave time for public opinion to assert itself. The Opposition became for the moment the voice of the majority, not the minority, of the voters and the government had to reverse itself.

These are some of the reasons why I think the government's days are numbered. They will, of course, tell you there is no one else in Canada fit to carry on, that when the Almighty fashioned this all-wise government the mold was broken, that we in the Opposition are quite incapable of forming a government. That is an argument which all governments have made as a matter of routine.

We shall win the next election if enough people want us to win. Let no one stand aside thinking he is not interested (we are all desperately interested), or that he is too "high and lifted up" (politics is what we make it). Let everyone reflect that our whole democratic process is on trial in this topsy-turvy world and that those who seek to pass by on the other side and to disinterest themselves are neglecting both their duty and their interest.

Hopeful Prince

Anne Marriott

► On April 21, the *Prince George Citizen*, "An Independent Semi-Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interest of Central and Northern British Columbia" as the masthead reads, came out with some of the biggest headlines in weeks. The story reported that the long-established Westminster Paper Company of New Westminster had applied for a forest management licence in the Willow River valley, some twenty miles east of the city. If the licence were granted, as seemed likely, the company was expected to start construction of a \$25,000,000 pulp mill this summer, to turn out 300 tons of bleached sulphate pulp daily, and employ some 650 men in woods and mill operations.

If and when the mill actually starts rolling, it will just be another evidence of Prince George's curious capacity for hoping what it wants into existence. For a pulp mill was first dreamed of for "Prince", as the old-timers call it, back in First Great War days. A curious combination of provincial government royalties, a financial slump, a serious illness, and a murder wrote finis to that one. But Prince George believes that it needs a pulp mill and when it finally gets a pulp mill no one will be in the least surprised.

The Westminster Paper Company development is only one of the multiple projects and rumors of projects which are making big news and big talk all through the central and northern interior of B.C. at the present time. Hydro, oil, coal, wood processing — some of it is fact and some of it wishful fancy, but from Terrace to Fort St. John, from Fort McLeod south to Quesnel, there's a lusty, old-fashioned boom zooming a little higher every day and no place is more conscious or proud of it than Prince George, set right in its centre.

Its geographical location — almost in the dead centre of the province, not in a northern wilderness as some unlightened persons in Vancouver and Victoria tend to believe — has been one of the factors, along with indes-

tractible hope, that have brought Prince George to its present high point of prosperity.

Simon Fraser founded a fur-trading post, where two good-sized rivers met, in 1806 and called it Fort George. The rivers, the Nechako, soon to be dammed by the mighty Alcan hydro development to the west, and the massive Fraser, sweeping from the Rockies to the Pacific, have made a shallow valley and it is surrounded by what seem to be too many miles of rolling ridges, broken with streams and covered with prodigious quantities of white spruce, fir, pine, and smaller amounts of other species. Because of its central situation and position on the river, Fort George became a regular stopping-over place on more than one fur trade route.

A hundred years after its founding, surveyors arrived at Fort George to locate the route for a railroad from the prairies through to the coast at Prince Rupert. The first levels were scarcely run when the area's first boom began. Soon real-estate promoters were issuing maps showing numerous railroads still non-existent and advertisements of lots in "Bella Vista" and "Nechako" subdivisions, at the top of sandbanks slowly sliding into the rivers. But the pattern was the familiar one of land booms all over the continent just before 1914.

Two rival communities sprang up adjacent to the old Fort George: South Fort George soon boasted the longest bar north of San Francisco, with railroad construction workers patronizing every inch of it, and Central Fort George had aspirations as a high-class residential area. Both were swamped by a lusty new city which sprang up between them: Prince George, incorporated 1915, was a divisional point on the new Grand Trunk Pacific—now part of the C.N.R.

The boom crumbled soundlessly when the war began, and for almost thirty years Prince George lived a quiet existence stirred now and again with rumors of a pulp mill or another railroad. But though the boom boosted by the early promoters had burst, the hopes it had engendered were as lively as ever. Prince George one day would be the hub of a rich, bustling interior region, everyone was sure of it. In the meantime, in addition to hope, people supported themselves with trapping, making ties for the railroad, farming, and carrying on the general business of a small town.

In 1941, the population was approximately two thousand. Today it is estimated at seven thousand, based on city services and similar statistics. Schools are violently overcrowded, and there just isn't any housing available, in the city. Communities of shacks, cabins, even tents in season—rim the city limits. People come from the coast, the prairies, from Great Britain and Europe to this suddenly renowned land of opportunity. What happened in the last decade to start the change?

To risk mixing metaphors, World War I punctured Prince George's boom but World War II prodded it back to life. An influx of servicemen to a big army camp just outside the city broke up the familiar, small-town pattern of life, but the major factor in the revived boom was to the wartime demand for lumber — a demand that has continued unabated into the uneasy peace.

Since 1940, lumbering in the area adjacent to Prince George has increased some 540 per cent. The number of mills in the region has increased 760 per cent. The mills vary from large operations that can turn out 100,000 board feet a day or more to pioneer enterprises carried on by two or three men. An average bush mill produces ten to fifteen thousand board feet a day, and sells the rough-cut product to the sixteen planing mills located in Prince George itself.

At least 85 per cent of the city's economy is directly based on this lumber production, a top-heavy situation



SETTING FOR A SEA PIECE—CLARE RICE, ARCA, OSA

which gives some people a few qualms. Suppose the bottom suddenly dropped out of the lumber market or some other disaster happened. Where would Prince's boom be then? As a lumberman recently said to me, "A supporting industry like a pulp-mill, which would use up the left-overs from the mills now going to waste, would give us a new feeling of security."

There are signs, though, that the economy is shifting somewhat. Several block-sized warehouses are going up, for leading wholesale firms in the west. The Pacific Great Eastern railway through from the coast at Squamish and the Hart Highway down from the Peace River, two other longed-for advantages finally hoped into existence, will be completed this summer. The resulting influx of industry and tourists, as well as services to handle an expected stream of transportation up the new short route from the north-western United States to the Alaska Highway, should put another prop under the economic structure. Prince George hopes so, so it will probably happen.

Culturally, Prince George has showed no signs of booming as yet. There are some persistent efforts. The Art Society holds monthly meetings to study and paint, and sponsors an annual art show with works coming in from a wide area (this year's the third). But the art exhibited does not show the vigor and experiment one might expect from a region where vigor and experiment are characteristics of the current atmosphere. Prince George Players put on twice-yearly dramatic productions. Some of the members dream of producing Sartre, but farces like "See How They Run" bring full houses and the group operates on a thread rather than a shoe-string. A Music and Drama Festival was revived this year, and showed every promise of success with two hundred entries of all kinds.

One handicap of all such efforts is lack of a proper auditorium in Prince George. The CCF hall, largest in the city, is in urgent demand for a succession of bazaars, dances, teas, and meetings. The high-school auditorium is in equally constant use for sports, drama, and concerts as well as school activities. A Civic Centre was started after the war, a mammoth building with facilities for plays and musical events as well as athletics. The Curling Club uses the basement but the upstairs stands a pathetic, unfinished bulk a block or two from the city hall. Some Prince Georgians hope it will be finished — but perhaps not enough people are hoping hard enough yet to make sure of it.

In politics, the traditional Liberal-Conservative alternating pattern has been varied with the election to the provincial parliament from 1945 to 1949 of John McInnis, a pioneer resident who ran as a socialist in the first election in the riding in 1916. During the same period William Irvine sat for the CCF at Ottawa. In this year's provincial election, Social Credit made it a four-way fight, with small Sacred clubs springing up through the district and the major fire-works in the early stages of the campaign, at least, set off by CCF and Social Credit charges and counter-charges.

A Co-operative store does a steady business, and one of Prince George's fastest-growing organizations is a Credit Union, which has increased its loan operations from \$630 at the end of 1947 to \$18,000 today.

Board of Trade, Junior Chamber of Commerce — both of them vocal and active — and other groups are planning for an uproarious celebration in July to mark the joint opening of the Pacific Great Eastern through line, and the Hart Highway to the rich lands of the Peace. Everything from log-rolling contests to speeches is promised, to mark another major victory of hope. There is still plenty to hope for — including extension of the PGE from its present bottleneck terminus at Squamish on Howe Sound through to North

Vancouver, through protesting, wealthy, residential West Vancouver. It may well be extended. Hope, plus geography and the biggest stands of white spruce on the North American continent, have done all right so far — given time.

[This is the first in a series of articles on Canadian localities—Ed.]



Mr. St. Laurent said he agrees with George Drew, Progressive Conservative leader, that the library should contain books of all types, including those on other systems of government which it might not be desirable to distribute generally. (The Hamilton Spectator)

Trustee Albert Cranham told the school management committee yesterday that modernistic art for school children is a waste of time. "Art may be all right if you are not making a fad or a frill out of it. It may be necessary but we should not go overboard about it," he continued. (Toronto Star)

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Gallup Poll . . . gives slight edge to Canadians . . . More than three out of five Canadians named uranium correctly, as being most important in the atom bomb . . . Few people in either country [Canada and U.S.] could name the Russian author Tolstoy as the author of "War and Peace." Guesses included Stalin, Hitler, G. B. Shaw, General MacArthur and Steinbeck! Actually more people thought Winston Churchill was the author than Tolstoy. Knowledge that Plato was a Greek philosopher is held by about one in five Canadians—rising to 3 out of 5 among university people alone. Guesses included suggestions that he was a Chinese god, an old-time king, a planet, a dog. (Montreal Star)

Oakville, June 16.—Ford of Canada has insulted Trafalgar Township. Reeve Joseph Wickson said tonight. The Trafalgar reeve objected to the sign posted on the township site of the \$5,000,000 Ford assembly plant now under construction. The sign reads: Ford Company of Oakville. The site is one mile east of Oakville, south of the Queen Elizabeth Way.

Reeve Wickson told Trafalgar Council that the sign should have the name of the township listed. Oakville could be mentioned at the bottom of the sign, he said. "I was hurt when told the township name had been left off the sign," declared Mr. Wickson. "After all, we tried to do right by them." (Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Tom Lanceley, Hamilton, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

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Folk-Singers of Nova Scotia

Helen Creighton

► IF I WRITE POSSESSIVELY about my singers it is because I feel that way. These fishermen and farmers have been contributing to my collection of folk songs in Nova Scotia for over twenty years, and I look upon them as my friends. And besides, they speak possessively of me. It was with something of a shock that I heard of a bachelor singer who had never in his life been called on the long-distance phone until I wanted him for a special recording. There was no telephone in his own house, so a neighbor had to come and fetch him. He realized that the call must have come from me and, squaring his shoulders and feeling more than a little proud, he announced, "That's my woman."

You see, we who collect folk songs can mean a lot to these people, for we have the privilege of opening doors into rooms that have been all too often closed unwillingly. Today folk-singing is left pretty much to the old folks. The young folk are either very proud of the old people's singing, or just a little ashamed, as youth so often is about anything old-fashioned. In this latter case they will say, "Listen to grandpa's funny old songs," and do everything to discourage him. When this happens, grandpa either sings sotto voce or not at all. But just wait until a contemporary comes to call. Then the old people will sit together for hours on end, taking turns at the old favorites, secure for the moment in their appreciation of each other.

They will probably begin with something sad and gloomy that goes on for eighteen or twenty verses. Then as they get into the swing again they may slip into a comic song for the fun of it. Before the session is over, grandpa and his shipmate will probably be up dancing a clog on their rheumatic feet and, although their hearts may feel the physical strain, they will beat along more contentedly for this lapse into a happy past. The chances are that by this time the young folk are enjoying it too, and wondering if perhaps grandpa has something after all.

When the collector of folk songs comes to a house like this, the modern sophisticates regard her curiously and wonder why she prefers the old man's cracked notes to their young tuneful voices. They soon realize that she is definitely interested in grandpa and not a scrap in them, and they begin to view him in a new light. Grandpa is a little tired of his talents being taken so lightly when they were once held in such esteem, and he is quick to sense his new importance in the household. Before long everybody is racking their brains to recall every last little fragment they have heard him sing, and they realize that his marvelous memory for verse after verse is a proud accomplishment.

I have seen a singer's standing in the whole community change because of this appreciation from an outside source. His friends had liked his songs but pretended they only tolerated them, and often teased him when he sang. Now they are aware of the benefits and wider interests that have come to him through his songs, and they are more than a little envious. But there is another side to this picture. A few years ago I was in Seabright when John Smith was approaching his ninetieth birthday. My visits were often paid on a Saturday evening, and one of the things I most enjoyed was the rapt expression on the faces of his teen-aged grandchildren who much preferred this sort of evening to going off with their young friends dancing. Mr. Smith had not been doing much singing lately, probably because most of his friends had predeceased him and he missed the incentive of

companionship and competition. Now they were having a treat.

What are these old-time singers like? What kind of people are they? Well, in my experience, and I have taken down over twelve hundred songs, every true folk-singer will prove to be an individual with an unusual personality, intelligent, sensitive, and very kind, once he is sure you are friendly. He is almost bound to have a sense of humor and a great love for a story. Between songs he will probably spin yarns, and he will be perfectly content to sit and entertain you as long as his chores allow and his memory holds. He may suddenly get up and leave without a word of explanation, but that will be because he has forgotten the words and has no intention of admitting it. He is probably not above a bit of spicy gossip kindly given, for he is intensely interested in all that goes on around him. After all, a person would hardly bother to remember these stories in song if he were not interested in people and the things that happen to them.

While the tune is important, in most folk songs the story is what keeps it alive. The story is the picture; the tune the frame. The story undergoes very little change, if any. The tune may undergo many changes, depending upon the ear and the musicianship of the singer. For instance, the song "Maggie Gordon" had little to commend it when I first heard it because the tune was so dull that I even missed the beauty of the words. But the same song as "Peggy Gordon" from the lips of Dennis Smith had me sitting bolt upright in my chair. A good singer will take liberties with the tune and give it life and color. Words, on the other hand, are sacrosanct. "Maggie" may be changed to "Peggy," for her name is of little importance, but the singer will never take liberties with the text. At least not where I collect in Nova Scotia.

The older the song (and some of them go back many hundreds of years) the less likelihood there is that the singer has ever seen it written down. Most of my singers are fishermen who have spent their summers going from one port to another when they have made a point of exchanging songs with their new friends. In the winter many of them have been going to the lumber woods, but the scene has changed here more than it has at sea. In the old days at camp it was customary to sing at night; now the radio does it for them. Fortunately there are many still living who lumbered under the old regime.

Some singers were so clever at picking up a song that after one hearing they could reproduce it word for word. They never bothered to take the words down for there was no need of it and besides, a pen worked none too well in unaccustomed hands. It has always been to me one of the wonders of the folk-singer's art that he not only remembers the text word for word and is so faithful to it as he first heard it, but also that he so seldom invents new words or phrases of his own.

The longest song I have ever taken down came from the remarkable memory of a fisherman named Ben Henneberry. It had seventy-eight verses and he sang without a note. Yet this was only one of nearly a hundred and fifty songs he could sing, and not a written word for any one of them. Our debt to him is great, for he was willing to sing them for the minimum of monetary gain since at that time funds were not available to reward him. Yet in personal satisfaction he has been paid many times over, for all his songs have been published and he lived to handle lovingly the books that contain his name. Now his descendants have this proud tribute to his memory, and can recall his songs simply by turning the pages. That will be done many times, for he was greatly revered by family and friends alike, down to the youngest great-grandchild.

When these old singers die they take with them a vocal quality that cannot be reproduced or imitated. Mr. Henne-

berry's son Edmund has it, but he is an exception. There are throaty sounds and odd little grace notes that refused to go on paper and can only be reproduced by recordings. Their singing was done simply and easily with no crescendo or diminuendo, no particular stress at the point of crisis, and no conscious striving for effect. They got the result without it, and could move the listener to tears or mirth as the song required. A few trained voices can do it today, but only a very few. It takes a special personality to sing folk songs well. In order to do it a singer would be well advised to familiarize himself with the way the old people sang.

Some years ago I did a series for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. My friends in the country listened. Radios were scarce in those days, and some of them walked miles to hear the broadcasts. They enjoyed their songs with beautiful accompaniments sung by trained voices, but I learned later that when the programs were over they would turn off the radio and say to Dennis Smith if his song had been on that day, "Now Dennis, you sing it right." This happened in every case but one, for only one singer had caught the spirit which has kept these songs alive.

Today through the Library of Congress and the National Museum at Ottawa anybody can hear recordings made in the home which is the folk song's natural habitat. But I feel I have the best of it, for I spend many a happy evening with my machine upon the table, the singer in his rocking-chair beside the kitchen stove. A wood fire may crackle cheerfully to my despair because I know it will be heard on the record, and the clock on the mantle may strike before the song is ended. Here all the family gather, sitting on hard wooden chairs tilted against the wall or set beside the table. I can usually plug my machine into the wall now, but at first I had to carry equipment to make electricity. To get the best effects, especially with old people, I record them where they are most at home to keep everything as natural as possible. Neighbors hear that singing is going on and slip in quietly, sometimes nodding a good-evening, but just as often not. This custom was common before the days of radio when one man unaccompanied could entertain a whole roomful for an entire evening. It is still done here and there today, but most people like to keep up with the times and learn new songs from the radio.

Our singers are not all men, although they predominate by far. The Acadian settlement at Pubnico is the only place I know of where the balance is in favor of women. Yet of all my singers it is a woman, Mrs. Gallagher, wife of the retired lightkeeper at Chebucto Head, who is probably the most outstanding of them all musically. Living in a rugged isolated spot, she made companions of her songs as she worked, forgetting herself in the storied lives she sang about, just as Mr. Henneberry used them for companionship while fishing. With time no object, it is little wonder they memorized songs that went on for verse after verse. So I suggest that when next you hear folk-singing you transport yourself in thought to the fishing-boat or the lighthouse and imagine these songs lightening labor in an age we will see no more.

In Singapore

Patrick Anderson

► AT FIRST THE CITY haunts you—with its size, its rabbit-warren oddity, the interminable enumeration of its slipshod caves scooped out of crumbling plaster and fringed with a giant red alphabet of Chinese characters—bars and cafes numerous but empty; a fan whispering to a potted plant; the walls hung with oleographs of half-naked Chinese girls mounted on motor-bicycles or poised on the bows of a cabin-cruiser; the shelves of bottles topped by an assortment of nude statuettes, stag's heads, and busts of Royalty; the waitresses themselves like glib and grim automata, in brocaded *cheongsams* and a permanent, with wrists oxidized from a cheap watch, shuffling feet and slinky but sexless behinds; the *towkay* and waiters behind the bar quite differently dressed, perhaps only in shorts and a singlet, as though a party of errand-boys or apprentice mechanics had taken over — the atmosphere, outside, of cooking and bicycles, weak steam from charcoal stoves in the corner coffee-shops and on the five-foot ways, the frivolity of tinkling bells and hand-embroidered saddle seats with long fringes—the spidery legs of Indians out of which the hairs stick like pins; the white, pale gray and pink trousers of the Chinese clerks moving in a world of pocket-combs, plastic mirrors, Brylcreem and the Saturday midnight show at the cinema; the Malaysians and Indonesians in violently flowered shirts, under masses of dark greasy curls, sticky, short-arsed, indolent, but with broad faces upturned to the sun like the faces of sunflowers, their noses squashed, their lips enormous, their eyes less hauntingly liquid than those of the Indians, smiling under long up-swept lashes—at night the scattered, abandoned, fungoid sleeping; the frame beds under the arcades, the children slung in twos, threes, and fours onto the camp-cot outside the restaurant; the sound



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of breathing and spitting behind your head as you sit over your drink; the fleshy yellow-scarred body of the Chinese in striped cotton sleeping-pants outside the door to a lavatory so primitive that when a coolie emerges his feet shine with pee—and everywhere the rats . . . less nervous than cockroaches as they advance across the floor of the toddy-shop, sniffing at the husks of melon-seeds, the empty cigarette packages . . . running like gloves of shadow, little patches of feminine fur, furry water, on the edges of drains, into alleys turning ash-blue with dawn whose fierce smells stand rigidly clamped over the deliquescence of fruit, disintegration of paper.

Majullah Singapura!

But one is haunted also by things more nearly attractive; there is the limpid utterance of some of the larger buildings which might have been dreamed by a lazy girl out of the moist-yellow of leaves and the play of shadow on a white bedroom wall, the brass knobs on the end of the bed and a curtain dividing her from a summer world of cricket and tennis, linseed oil and blance, butter-yellow churches and cupolas, a Cathedral of icing-sugar, the broad meadow called the *padang*—these mix with the light, might at any moment float upwards like the balloons released by Miss Malay to advertise a sneak-preview at the Capitol Cinema, and disappear (without causing much worry) over the shining sea and the tufted islands and the Equator itself, a hundred miles away, a line no more imaginary than the line of these buildings, or than the political and social frontier presumed to throb here amongst the trishaws and the bicycles. Nibble another chocolate, stretch lazily, kick off your remaining shoe—and design, out of soft and hard centres, oblong nut and oval caramel cream, the slim figure of a Tamil youth in a loose shirt and tubular sarong, a figure in a slice of doorway, poised, graceful, expectant, with brilliant hallucinated eyes, thin wrist and tapering fingers and a smile as patiently yielding, as passively rich as the crumbling of the thin coat around the flash of white peppermint. Or, again, as your eyes pass across your brightly colored book-shelf with the two yellow paper-books by Andre Maurois and—daringly—Colette, the dark-blue Francis Brett Young, the green Sir Hugh Walpole, the old school algebra and Latin-composition and the pretty specklements of the Ransome stories, dream up the light thin aviaries of those rows of Chinese villas in Dhoby Ghaut or Emerald Hill, with the upper facades of green-blue shutters and pink-blue plaster work, dragons, birds, and enamel flowers, and their cool ground floors embroidered in gold lacquer, protected by sheets of glass.

After a little one takes it all for granted, of course: walking in Chinatown below the crossed flags of washing hung on poles from the upper windows—but the pastel blurred colors of the buildings themselves and the damp heat suggest that one is also wading through laundry; passing, in the yellow and green suburban dignity of Nassim Road, the younger schoolboys in their uniform of white short-sleeved shirts and royal blue shorts, or Malay schoolgirls in long white tunics over green sarongs; finding, where a stretch of savage bristly open land suddenly appears in the middle of housing developments, a herdsman and his thirty or forty cows attended by a flock of delicately white egrets; watching the passage of a Chinese funeral, its brutally-undisguised lorries loud with gongs or strident with great wheels of frangi-pani and spider orchids, and over the catafalque a paper stork or tiger; finally, grateful for the fresher light of evening, walking under the rengas trees on the University campus and reading once again, in the deep green air, the little notice which says "*These handsome trees are Rengas. They produce a poisonous secretion and it is dangerous to*

handle their leaves or stand under them during rain" to the accompaniment of the squishy sound of a football being kicked by the naked feet of the young kebuns on their water-logged field.

* * *

The bus rattles past the nurseries with their rows of blue-green hydrangeas, red- and white-veined anthuriums, orchids, palms, and ferns displayed around boards with names in red letters: Kok Swee Han, Wang Bo Sen, and in the middle distance a flame-of-the-forest, a frangi-pani, a scarlet tulip tree—and plunges into the more commercial part of Orchard Road; the Cold Storage, white and cool with recently added grill-work to discourage banditry, and a posse of no less than two policemen with rifles; the Market with yellow taxis drawn up in front and two syces talking to two jagers in turbans; all the little shops one approaches gingerly over bridges which cover the monsoon drain, up and down steps, skirting things drying on sheets and things laid out in baskets, pushing through beves of half-naked children and bicycles and hanging bits of sacking, to face some complicated cavern of sight and smell; attempting to be secret, casual, non-tourist, or hoping for the immediate establishment of an intuitive bond between oneself and the proprietor, as one examines hanging galleries of dried and twisted fish in gray-browns, ashy-purples, powdery greens (harp shapes, viscera shapes, daggers) below which are sacks brimming with melon seeds or runty bits of ginger or rice. Inevitably these recesses support at least one boy or youth; the Chinese youth-boy is uttered equally by shops where they beat iron and shops where they make abacus frames or weighing rods exquisitely marked in brass and shops which are full of nothing but old truck tires and battered fenders and coffee shops where they fry mee with lettuce and celery tops over charcoal; one's eyes focus upon him as he disposes his naked limbs against, or upon, the goods he sells—sandals kicked off, he rubs one foot against the other—picks a sore on his leg—pushes back his sleek hair—pulls his singlet up with both hands and rolls it in place to expose the area of his diaphragm and stomach; his reply is not "inscrutable" but ambiguous, for he cannot believe that one as a European has any connection with his essentially Chinese trade; his smile (is he smiling?) hovers between indifference and contempt. He is efficient, money conscious, at ease with himself, at home, and he has no idea of the visual excitement one may discover in his proximity to slabs of brightly colored fish, say, or towering baskets of poultry.

Smell, sight, hazardous progress, window-shopping (but there are no windows) may seem grossly inquisitive, would-be intimate—but life goes on: a boy knocking two wooden blocks together with an insistent tenor sound—a hawker trundling a barrow and calling. The bus fills up, lurches past the Gates of Government House. An old coolie sits down beside me, his face terribly cadaverous, the skin like the flesh of a cold chicken one has left too long, his emaciated legs making his khaki shorts seem a more than usually grotesque form of apparel. Between the two school-boys standing in front of me—both all in white with the usual accoutrements, fountain pen clamped into shirt opening, stainless steel wristwatch band, trousers with high accentuated waists and ballooned hips, voluminous and sexless—I glimpse the carefully drawn back hair of a pretty amah. Poised and sedate, she sits upright with her umbrella by her side.

The windows freshen with the first hint of the sea and there is a sense of it being really a day and a morning, both *bel* and *vivace*, so one turns gratefully to large open established things: the white cathedral, the broad *padang*, acacias on the untidy front. Even with something of a civic sense, I notice the city preparing its solemnities: the white

Supreme Court building, the red cricket club, a small but intense bridge. I try (I know rather self-consciously) to accommodate other glamors: a summer morning in New York or San Francisco—the Bay of Naples seen from a boat crossing to Capri—Commemoration at school with a cricket match to follow, strawberry ices, a marquee.

It's always with a certain lift that we prepare to leave the bus—I am sitting by a Malay woman now—she wears a light blouse or kebaya, a sarong of a vigorous marmalade color, expensive gold and purple shoes, and there is a little rice powder on her face—her smooth hair is netted and under the net, by the coil, she keeps a yellow flower—her look is one of dignity, yet she is half-childish or, rather, seems to bloom into maturity, womanhood, plumpness, across no gulf of unease so that her glance is both wise and naive, expert and uninteresting. And is it not an immense dull adaptability, a cultural emptiness promoting mere bodily growth together with an interest in money, which renders all these people in the bus complacent and hardly ever exotic and challenging?—as though a colony kept them childish—until one longs to say not “I sympathize with your problems, I have no color prejudice” but “For God's sake be savage and black!”

Nevertheless the lilt—one's amusing minor athleticism swings one out onto Collyer Quay. The water flaps, dazzles, focuses itself in a sampan which appears to bounce, a gold wavy line of reflection stroking its side. There is a “view” to the left: beyond Arab Town a cluster of masts where the junks collect before the land stretches out in low thumbed trees; ahead, police launches, yachts, a liner and the blue shape of somewhere in Indonesia.

Afterwards the morning, extended into all the variegated confusions of China Street, invaded by purple platters of rice, ceremonial paper fish and lanterns, a boy gently and rhythmically rocking two live ducks in a bath of water, finally comes to rest on a vision of yellow, orange, and speckled sea-horses we see in a huge blue bowl, their movements tentative, reticent, and yet responsive to some suasion stronger than love, so that by scarcely perceptible graduations they interlock tails and rise and fall together in a twilight of the profoundest sympathy, as dedicated souls might under the dome of some disaster.

On the Air

Barry Coughlin

—Appreciate the Disc Jockey!

► THERE WAS A SMALL BOOK published last year called *The Disc Jockey as a Cause of Hysteria in Canada: 1936-1950*, written by Gruelparzer Eck, Ph.D. (Munich). This excellent work, like so many scientific vehicles, went thrice around the vast arena before coming to a standstill. Dr. Eck lives in this country now, having fled a lesser fate at the hands of the Nazis in 1935. Although he is of Malayan-Czech-Dutch extraction, he wrote his book in Flemish. It was immediately translated into Norwegian by an English student of languages, and then into English by a Texas oil man who did it more or less for the hell of it.

Eck is too honest a scientist to draw any conclusions from his discoveries and the oil man is too much of a Texan to write in readable English the facts he decoded from Norwegian. In spite of all this horseplay with tongues, it seems that there are two main reactions to the Disc Jockey in this country—Wrath or Worship. In a footnote (p. 16) written by the author himself, Dr. Eck says: “Wrass is a hoddible sing.” And, of course, it is. Of Worship, he says simply: “Iss phoney skit”—a mysterious observation clouded with

obscurity. Dr. Eck goes on to say that variations of these two reactions are everywhere with us. In questioning 93,672 people over a period of 14 years his answers invariably went something like this:

“Who? X? Why, that foot-and-mouth periwinkle is a back-and-forth menace to faltering society!”—which, as the doctor rightly says, “Is werry stronk lenkitch bespeaken trobbled mind. Werry gloze to wrass, ziss answirrr.”

or:

“Y? He's wonderful! I couldn't get through the day without him. O-o-oh, the way he talks right to you!”—to which Eck adds, rather glumly, “Too bet; peety; alla-time ladies answirrr like so.”

Lying in bed thinking about Eck's study, I realized how little science can help us in time of social crisis. The book is worthwhile and needed to be written, but it merely tells us that the Disc Jockey arouses wrath or worship. There is no mention of what to do about the D.J. nor how to solve the problem that confronts everyone who listens to the radio.

Where do we go from there?

Well, as a part-time philosopher and humanist, my duty was plain: I must somehow show the path of appreciation and sanity to the distressed. In spite of the vested interests, (i.e. fan clubs, Petrillo, Wall Street, Imperial Oil, etc.) I must, Socrates-like, tear back the veils and show humanity the cause of their stuttering rage or idolatrous worship. How sanity can be attained and maintained in spite of Disc Jockeys—morning, noon, and night—is the avowed and noble purpose of the remainder of this essay.

The first fact to grasp is that the Disc Jockey is a salesman. Selling what? Three things: (1) everyday products (cheese, used cars, marbles, etc.), (2) popular recorded music, and (3) himself. By selling everyday products the Disc Jockey is making like any other huckster and his task requires no explanation. In pushing or “plugging” popular records, the Disc Jockey is engaged in a business that will stand as much investigation as can be given to it. It is reasonable to assume that the popular record companies are in business to sell as many records as possible, for this is the way the world ends. To bring about this end, the record people send out hundreds of free records to every radio station in the country. The station's Disc Jockeys are urged and begged to play these “discs” a few million times on their programs. With the help of so-called Popularity Polls and several hundred Disc Jockeys, a concentrated assault is made on the battered ear of the punchy Public. When a tune catches on, several tunes of an identical nature with the “hit” number are immediately manufactured in New York, Hollywood, or wherever this vital work is carried on. At the present time, the fad is for agonizing grief or black despair, and the “lyrics” to these idiot dirges are croaked or sobbed out in split syllables. Finally, by selling himself the Disc Jockey sells the products and the recordings, or at least that is what his sponsors fondly imagine. How then is personality-selling done?

After considerable research and patience bordering on paralysis, I have been able to discover the underlying scheme or pattern that governs the behaviour of almost every known species of Disc Jockey whose habitat or feeding-ground is Canada.

There are at least five “gimmicks” which the Disc Jockey uses, and at least five “twitches” he may assume. A “gimmick” (for want of a better word) is the scene of action, the illusion, created as a vehicle for the “twitch”. At first glance it may seem that there is little difference between the gimmick and the twitch. It is slight, true enough, even subtle; but it can be recognized with practice. The five usual gimmicks are:

- (1) The Happy Chum,
- (2) The Performer or Sound-effects Man,
- (3) The Sincere Helper,
- (4) The Friend of the Great,
- (5) The Affable Host.

The Happy Chum is always in ripe good humor. He has bounce, drive, and is almost insane with love for his listeners:

"Hello out there in radio land. How are all you good people this grand Spring morning? Great to be alive on a day like this, isn't it, eh? I said to myself as I was walking to the studio: 'Johnny' I said to myself, 'I'll bet all those swell folks out there in radio land are glad . . .'"

The Performer or Sound-effects Man is probably a disappointed stage entertainer. He whistles, sings, or hums to any melody that happens to be playing on his program. The more versatile of these amazing fellows even drum their fingers on the table top, or pretend they are trumpets in the orchestra by making clever sounds with their mouths. The sound-effects used on such programs are often truly original and make the listener feel that something is really happening:

"(Crackling paper) Yep, yep, yep. There it is! Oh, yes, yes, yes. Mitnik's Bread! Sliced, too—you bet. (More crackling) M-m-m-my, my, my! Mother—you should just taste this bread, oh, yes, you should. Mitnik's. Good, good, good . . ."

Even though he works at a 250-watt station in the Muskeg Belt, the Friend of the Great is a life-long pal of every big name in the entertainment business:

"Now, folks, coming right into the studio here, we've got good old Les Brown, the Man of Renown. Tell me, Les, boy; what's it goner be? How's that? Mexican Hat Dance, eh, Les? Fine, Les, fine and jim-dandy! So, for Willa and Constance out there in the Bass Island Home for Backward Children, Les Brown is . . ."

The Sincere Helper is, of course, primarily sincere. But, listening to him, one feels that he is too serious, and that cynical people upset him. "Believe me, friends," he keeps repeating, as if someone had accused him of lying. Every emotion that he has comes from the bottom of his heart. And his innards must be made of granite, for he will eat or drink anything that will stay still long enough to get into a bowl or cup:

"I'll bet some of you people have never tried Sauerboch's Tasty Fungus Treacle. Well, believe me, friends, *it-is-deelish-us!* I know, because I use it all the time at home. I can honestly recommend it as the best Tasty Fungus Treacle money can buy, *bar none!* Sincerely, friends, you don't know what you're missing if you haven't tried T.F.T. And . . . say . . . try Sauerboch's refreshing Creosote Barley Silt, too. Believe me, friends, it's good. I know, because I use . . ."

The Affable Host is a quiet, decent fellow who invites you into his mansion, duplex, or cottage. Once in the place, he asks you into his living room, den, or cellar, for a pleasant period of record-playing and maybe just a bit of talk about this and that. To establish a mood of ease and relaxation, the Affable Host paces his words out with long intervals of silence. Carried too far, this dodge sounds as though the fellow is translating Morse Code sent to him by direct wire from Head Office:

"Well . . . now . . . Skitch Henderson . . . no less . . . Nice . . . I thought . . . Nice Piano . . . Nice arrangement . . . Oh, Oh . . . Rain tonight . . . the weatherman says . . . 3:41's the time . . . Shall we . . . ah . . . play the other side . . . of that last record? . . . O.K.? . . . Fine."

You wouldn't think an easy-going lad like the Affable Host could create much of a problem for the listener, but he can—and does.

Standing in the lobby of a small hotel a while ago, I was chatting with the afternoon desk-clerk, a semi-literate boy of sour disposition, old before his time. The radio on the counter stated the time and the station. Then we heard the quiet, restful voice of the Affable Host asking us to visit with him at his bungalow. To my surprise, the aged boy behind the counter flipped a wheel, so to speak:

"Visit his house, he say! What he got his stinking house? He got no beer, he got no dames, he got no cards. All he got a big flannel mouf what go flap, flap, allatime flap, an' a pile of lousy records what he play every day, every day. Visit his house, he say. I say to him . . ."

In the next and final section of this study I shall outline the phenomenon known as the "twitch" and suggest a solution to the problem of the Disc Jockey. This solution will be as fair and democratic as we who have been Cubs and Brownies can manage to make it.

Film Review

Belle Pomer

► IN STRINDBERG'S intense one-act play, *Miss Julie*, all the action takes place in the kitchen of a Swedish Count's estate on Midsummer Night. There are three characters: Miss Julie, the count's daughter; John, a servant; and Christine, the cook. In the course of the first scene, during Miss Julie's provocation of John, Christine gradually falls asleep, awakens, and wanders off-stage to go to bed. The seduction occurs when Miss Julie and John, to prevent being found together by a group of merry-makers approaching the kitchen, take refuge in John's room (off-stage right). When the party has left, Miss Julie and John emerge from the bedroom, and there follows a powerful scene of mixed emotions and reactions: excited planning and despair, anger and humility, recriminations and apologies, ending at last in Miss Julie's suicide.

It is natural that the film enlarge the setting to include the whole of the count's estate, and present visually things which are only implied or narrated in the play. And for the first part of the film, this expansion is faithful to the atmosphere of the play: the casting, the choice of incident, the camera technique all combine to tinge the proceedings with macabre foreboding — one can feel the slow, relentless grind of human nature. On the one hand, there are the rousting farm people, whose deep resentment of Miss Julie comes to the surface when dancing and drinking, and Miss Julie's own conduct, have loosened restraint; on the other, there is the interplay between Miss Julie and John, she arrogant and friendly, tantalizing and rebuffing in turn. By skilful cutting from one to the other, there is built up the exact ominous intensity of the play.

Anita Bjork's performance as the troubled, turbulent Miss Julie, driven this way and that by the contradictory urges within her, has a powerful impact. Recognition of Miss Julie's reality is immediate. She is an individual, but women like her have existed in every age and social sphere. No highly-colored background is necessary to give her existence: in the period of adolescence, a pale image at least of this Miss Julie has lodged in the corner of every woman's heart. We watch on the screen a girl whose feelings we know intimately, yet we cannot predict her next reaction.

But not even Miss Julie, real as she is, can survive unscarred the attempted explanation of her in terms of her

mother and father. For the flashback of Miss Julie's childhood, presented in the wholly unbelievable terms of Victorian melodrama, is the ruin of the film. All the discarded trappings have been dusted off for use: the flaring nostril, the mad laughter, the grand entrance — there is even the dramatically empty room, windows open, curtains blowing. In the play, Julie's story of her past is acceptable because it is narrated with simplicity; in translation to the screen, it should have been subdued rather than embroidered. This lapse in taste and judgment has irreparable results. The photographic technique of running together past and present, imagined and real smacks from that point on of melodrama; the audience's belief in the story is never fully restored; and Miss Julie is no longer a real person, but a part being admirably played by a skilful actress.

Actually, all the characters in *Miss Julie* have a sound psychological basis. For all the hackneyed dramatization of the mother, we must admit as real the factors of militant feminism, resentment and hostility toward a husband, unwillingness to bear a child. These feelings exist half-buried in what appear on the surface as everyday lives, and make themselves felt in the subtleties of human relationships. But even an extreme and violent case could be served up more palatably than the offering in *Miss Julie*. A few shots of the mother's smouldering look and scornful lip, perhaps, combined with the bald narration of the play, and *Miss Julie* might have been a film of considerable power.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► I LIKE GODFREY RIDOUT'S new dramatic cantata *Esther*, for reasons not too easy to define, because Mr. Ridout's style is not one to which any obvious compliments can be paid. It is neither individual nor consistent, but unabashedly derivative and eclectic; a mosaic of not very compatible styles. Oriental splendor and barbarity in the manner of *Belshazzar's Feast* is liable to mix with a breezy tune of the English folk variety, reminiscent of Vaughan Williams or Gustav Holst, or with a bit of angular counterpoint which is Mr. Ridout's occasional sop to his more uncompromising fellows. And how hard he works those strangely juxtaposed common chords which are one of the trademarks of recent British music! The whole thing is a second-hand hodge-podge, one could say; but it remains a vigorous and skilful hodge-podge, and the second hand is often as good as the first. The destruction of the Jews in Part Three and the erection of the gallows and hanging of Haman in Part Four are in no way inferior to their barbaric counterparts in *Belshazzar's Feast*. And the epilogue is not unworthy of Vaughan Williams in his quiet, reflective vein. Like a great many capable artists, Mr. Ridout is at his best working from models, and the passages which have something of a distinctive flavor (such as much of the music associated with Esther herself) are among the least successful. Whatever its derivations, *Esther* is worth hearing and deserves to be performed frequently.

La Traviata, although obviously a flawed work, is also a great work, and it deserves the finished and rigorous performance that Toscanini gives it in Victor's recording of his famous broadcasts of December, 1946, with Jan Peerce, Licia Albanese and Robert Merrill in the main roles. All three singers perform with the accuracy, control and dramatic power that Toscanini is capable of inspiring when he conducts opera. The recording is bright and clear but lacks resonance, which may be why there are moments when this performance, as it comes off the two LP's which I played, sounds more taut than intense.

A Remington 12 inch LP combines Schubert's *Symphony No. 1* and Mozart's *Fantasia in F Minor* (K. 608), the first played by the Viennese Symphony Society under Kurt Woss, and the second by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Zoltan Fekete. The pleasantly dull Schubert symphony (which seems to have had its slow introduction cut) is given a vigorous performance, but could be recommended only to Schubert specialists. The Mozart *Fantasia*, however, originally written for mechanical organ, is a powerful work, particularly in its fugal sections. The orchestral version which Fekete plays hasn't a Mozartian texture but is effective enough.

The Verger's Cupboard

Kathryn Munro

► BISHOP ADRIAN ZEELE pronounced the benediction. The ceremonies were over; the cornerstone of the new church was well and truly laid.

Behind the gathering of churchmen and laity, Verger Tompkins stood shivering in his black gown, as the cold March wind billowed the thin garment about his quaking knees. Now he hurried down the worn cement steps that led to the basement of the old church on the adjoining lot. Back in the welcoming warmth of the furnace-room, he closed the door softly behind him.

Then with his usual noiseless tread, the verger crossed the room to a wall-cupboard which he unlocked, revealing a sparkling collection of beverage glasses of various sizes and colors. Drawing up a three-legged stool, he sat gazing like a lover on a face in a locket and was soon lost in reverie.

Meantime the Bishop, upstairs in the vestry, removed his robes of office, his thoughts back in the past. Here his father had been rector and here his own boyhood was spent. He decided to slip off by himself and see again the once-familiar surroundings.

Descending a flight of stairs, he stepped into the gray, foot-scuffed gymnasium and with a nostalgic sigh touched the jagged initials, A. Z., cut into one of the pointless stall-bars.

Farther along the passage, the Bishop came to the furnace-room. He would look in; it held cobwebby memories of early escapades. Tapping lightly, he opened the door and entered.

With a dervish swirl, Verger Tompkins leaped off the three-legged stool and turned to meet his visitor.

A puzzled expression appeared on the Bishop's face as his eye caught the iridescent glow of the crystal display.

"Ah, you are a collector of--of--?" began the Bishop, shaking hands.

"No, m' lord," stammered the verger, "just a few reminders of 'appier scenes, m' lord," he explained, shifting uneasily to relieve the pins and needles of embarrassment.

The Bishop seemed fascinated. He continued to stare.

"I might call them me 'omeless little ghosts," murmured Verger Tompkins.

"Oh?" queried His Lordship, still gazing intently.

"Yes, m' lord, 'omeless little ghosts from the sidewalk cafés of the Con'tnent and gay-hearted Páree. A garçon sees life, m' lord, if I may make so bold as to say so."

The Bishop came closer to the cupboard and the verger, encouraged, introduced the ghosts.

"This 'ere brandy in'aler, m'lord" he began, taking what looked like a rose-bowl from the shelf, "is the ghost of the Old Colonel, as 'e was called."

"Brandy inhaler?" inquired the Bishop.

"Yes, m' lord. I can see the Old Colonel now. I can see 'im plain, 'is 'ead bowed over the in'aler as if in prayer and 'is face turnin' purple as 'e breathed in the piz'nous fumes. Dropped dead one day right before me eyes when 'e got up from in'alin'."

His Lordship pointed to a pewter stein. Verger Tompkins took it off its hook.

"That stein, m' lord, I think of as the ghost of the Lonely Man." The verger paused and stroked an ear, thoughtfully, before continuing.

"The steins are 'ung up, each in its own place. Everyone knows 'is own. Lonely Man would come in, take 'is stein, but would never speak to nobody. 'E would sit there silent, lookin' but not seein'. One day 'e didn't come in. Later, 'e were found dead of 'is own 'and."

The Bishop glanced about for a chair, then cautiously mounted the three-legged stool.

"This 'ere, m' lord, is the Pilsener ghost," went on the verger more cheerfully, indicating a tall, cerise-colored tumbler, "and the small squat one next to it is the Whiskey Shot ghost. It brings to mind the golfer chap. 'E'd come in, ask for 'is Shot, 'oller 'Fore!' and toss it down the fairway," he chuckled, suiting the action to the word.

On the left lapel of His Lordship's clerical jacket, the White Ribbon Emblem of Total Abstinence, done in silver and gold, quivered in protest. But the Bishop was nothing if not broadminded.

"Now we come to the gay French ghosts, m' lord," said Verger Tompkins, caressing a slender-stemmed champagne goblet.

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An exciting yarn for young people about two boys, one French and one English, who are cousins and who become involved in the conflict between the French and English in Acadia. Their adventures with the Indians and with a renegade Frenchman take them into the gravest danger ending finally with the expulsion of the French from Acadia.

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The silver-and-gold pin prodded his Lordship. "But you are a temperance man yourself?" he asked, dutifully.

"Definite, m' lord, definite." The verger sighed, reminiscently. "But the life were champion! Then I met Mabel, that's the wife. She pulled me out and brung me 'ere. Thought the company weren't good enough for me. She is in failin' 'ealth, is poor Mabel," he continued sadly. "Pinin' away," he added, toying absentmindedly with a miniature French ghost.

"Confidential, m' lord, if Mabel pops I won't stop to mow the lawn!"

Hurrying footsteps echoed along the corridor. Suddenly distressed, Verger Tompkins came to himself.

"No offence meant, m' lord," he apologized, miserably.

The Bishop slowly eased himself off the three-legged stool and laid a kindly hand on the verger's lean shoulder. He smiled, understandingly.

"Every heart has its haunted cupboard," he said, gently.

The footsteps outside drew nearer and hesitated. The Bishop went to the door. He had quite forgotten that tea awaited his arrival in the church parlours.

With a mind strangely at ease, Verger Tompkins turned the key on his homeless little ghosts.

The Passage Magnolia

You, being Southern, remember magnolia perhaps—the scent

Of bayberry, if Northern-bred. Whatever carries you back Claims place, motion within a place, fidelities of intent.

Take any flower or bush whatever. Take magnolia. Smell Is basic, brutal in part, yet delicate, delving in, shading out, infinities of sense.

It recovers all that is cached in the blood, denied or will-forgotten, whatever present purposes might wish to quell.

Lean, then, in memory close into that flower as though it were a white tent over mind,

Silken and sunlit, encompassing the woods, the fields, the road you loved.

Summer being full and soft, craft of the future did not urge you from the natural to the self-assigned.

At end of reverie the time recall when naked and tan, Tranquil, sun-rippling, you swam, and all investitures Arose to clothe the body of another man.

If, in your journey through the flower, You find and grant the point of your departure, How will the arbitrate-heart appraise the gain and loss of power,

Show stranger to youthful stranger dripping in the sun, Show dual, places, motions, years: the eyes that would not give

A backward glance, the naked feet that would not run?

Charles Edward Eaton.

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Books Reviewed

CONRAD: A REASSESSMENT: Douglas Hewitt; Bowes & Bowes; pp. 141; \$2.50.

This book fails in its central purpose but has value in other ways. Its "reassessment" of Conrad is based on three points: that his comments on his work are often unreliable because he failed to realize where his real power lay; that Conrad's importance as a writer rests on the books written before 1910; that rhetorical flourishes in later works obscure and conceal his conviction that men's "struggles are futile and their fate predetermined." The author attempts to show that in the early work Conrad admits and yields to the omnipotence of evil in the universe—and in these books and stories maintains his integrity as a writer—but that "the fixed standards of the simple sailor" and an inability to find any positive force to counter his pessimism combine in later novels to make him take refuge in unreality. No doubt Conrad "knew" less about his work than critics have revealed; but the arbitrary pattern imposed by the author of this book is not always convincing. He ridicules the bad rhetoric of later works, but ignores the rhetoric which contributes substantially to the effect of *Nostromo* and of *Heart of Darkness*. The omission of several works, rather lamely excused, seems a mistake in a book which advances views original enough to require full support. Novels which do not obviously fit the pattern (*Lord Jim* and *Victory*, for example) are discussed only in the most selective and cursory way; *Youth* is forced within the limits of the author's argument on the basis of two untypical passages. The discussion of *Victory* is especially weak: failing to persuade readers, the author browbeats them instead.

Nevertheless, though the main argument is tenuous and uneven, the book is full of original suggestions. The argument that *The Secret Sharer* represents Conrad's farewell to a guilt complex is well presented; "a choice of nightmares" is keyphrase for a stimulating commentary on *Heart of Darkness*; and important passages in *Nostromo* receive unusually subtle analysis. A most suggestive comparison of Conrad's and Dostoevsky's conceptions of evil is unfortunately not developed at any length. The best book on Conrad is still Crankshaw's, but this one adds considerably to the materials which must be drawn on by the writer who finally clarifies what Forster called Conrad's "central obscurity."

H. N. Maclean.

THE WRATH OF ACHILLES: I. A. Richards; George J. McLeod; pp. 208; \$3.75.

Whether or not one agrees that *The Iliad* is the "masterpiece of masterpieces" one must admit the artistic vitality of a poem which after a run of millennia is still challenging the skill of translators and the sensitivity of critics. The critic still seeks for himself the secret of the poet's success: the translator still strives to catch in another language the pace, the nobility, and the apparent simplicity of the Greek—or such other qualities as he may detect in the original. There is likely to be no end to the process.

The present work is a translation, and, in a sense, an edition of *The Iliad*, for the translator has deliberately omitted four of the original twenty-four books, together with other shorter passages. The translation reads well. It is reasonably free from the archaisms which bother modern readers of some other translations; it is simple yet not trite: it has good pace. There is little doubt that a reader approaching Homer for the first time would enjoy it. However the cutting of the text raises serious problems. In the introduction the author is perfectly frank in stating that his aim has been to remove obstacles which come

between a non-scholarly reader of Homer and the story, that is to assist the reader in appreciating the story. But can this properly be done with an admitted work of art? Is it not a little bit like saying "*King Lear* is spoiled for readers of our century by a poor ending. Let us assist the reader by editing it"? Anyone familiar with, for example, E. T. Owen's "*The Story of The Iliad*" might well doubt the possibility of making any excisions without damage to the story as created by the poet. The undoubted interest of this book might induce a neophyte to go on to an uncut version. If so, all would be well. But it could never be considered more than an introduction even to the story of *The Iliad*.

M. St. A. Woodside.

BERNARD SHAW: A CHRONICLE: R. F. Rattray; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Legrave Press); pp. 347; \$4.50.

Professor Rattray wisely gives Shaw his head in this biography, and the results are good. Passages from the novels, plays, letters and table-talk form much of the book, and extracts from the less well known musical and dramatic criticism make up two appendices. The author's chronological method, less systematic than Leyda's in *The Melville Log*, seems at first abrupt and heterogeneous—at times it even suggests the grab-bag approach of Isaac Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*—but all contributes to the picture of a developing Shaw.

The book is valuable not so much for Rattray's comments, which are only occasionally penetrating, as for its enormous amount of factual material. Dates and events, and most of the usual Shaw stories, are supplemented by quantities of personal trivia and intriguing asides. In 1886, for example, beside Shaw's opinions on Millais, long speeches in plays,



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incurable disease, and Shelley, we hear of his relations with Annie Besant (she loved him but he felt "she had absolutely no sex appeal"), of the fervent poems written him by Evelyn Bland (one quoted in full), and of his right- and left-footed socks. *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, we are told, was to have been a piebald volume, unpleasant plays on brown paper in "ugly printing," the others "in the best Kelmescott style." Professor Rattray's is a musical Shaw, who played the cornet, sang opera, oratorio, or cantatas at night before bed, and learned to dance at 61. Shaw emerges as determined, quixotic, ruthlessly critical—we knew all that—but also as tenderly sensitive and even shy. "I never grieve; but I do not forget," Shaw wrote a friend, remarking also that "to laugh without sympathy is a ruinous abuse of a noble function." The study manages, most of all, to convey the combination of apparent contradiction and real wisdom in Shaw, who never travelled without a Bible, and who said "My laboratory is the whole world." *H. N. Maclean.*

UNDER THE SEA-WIND: Rachel L. Carson; Oxford; pp. 314; \$4.00.

This is an earlier work of popular natural history by the author of the 1951 best-seller *The Sea Around Us*. Unlike many overlooked early works republished on the strength of later successes, *Under The Sea-Wind* can be ranked in every respect except scope with Miss Carson's remarkable later work. The author, who is editor-in-chief of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, again demonstrates in *Under The Sea-Wind* the rare ability to describe nature without falling into either of the two pitfalls — cuteness or awe-strickenness — which entrap so many writers in this field. The book is divided into three sections. The first deals with shore life along the Atlantic from North Carolina to the Canadian

Arctic, centring around a migratory shore-bird of the black dipper species. The second, describing the life of the open sea, has for its central figure a mackerel, while the third tells the life-story of an eel, thus affording opportunity for a look at life in the great depths of the Atlantic.

Larry Rogers.

THE CASTLE OF ARGOL: Julien Gracq; Copp Clark; pp. 146; \$2.50.

This second novel of Julien Gracq, who admires Poe and is the author of an essay on Lautréamont, has a strangeness of its own, something like that of the final set-piece of a fireworks display before it is let off, seen in the light of high noon.

Readers of *The Castle of Argol* who might be tempted to interpret symbolically are warned, by the author's afterword, to eschew such impoverishing exercise in favour of feeling the direct contact of a vision, a vision with shudders. Yet the author himself seems to encourage eventual symbolical interpretation by pointing out that his book is not only a vision but also a "demoniac version" of Wagner's *Parsifal*, which latter work, he claims, has nothing to do with "acquiescence in the Christian mystery of the redemption", but is subterranean, infernal. In the aim, therefore, of clarifying the "dialectically inseparable" saviour-destroyer themes, this vision-version-elucidation presents two weird men and a weirder woman who are bound on achieving "necessary union" with one another. They try swimming together till they almost converge in an "all-devouring communion"; music, improvised by one of them, in a Fisher-King chapel, brings another only approximate success. It is not until the result of an act of violence, committed by one upon the second, is witnessed by the third that they are at last pre-

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The descriptions of Argol, its innumerable extraordinary rooms full of piles of rare furs, its windows near the floor forcing the occupants to plunge their eyes into the abyss below, are effective. We are, however, given none of the brilliant conversation in which the trio are said usually to be absorbed. We catch a single glimpse of their "powerful car" available for long-distance attempts at unification. We meet but one member of their large domestic staff. This reviewer felt no temptation to interpret symbolically. He did feel tempted to wish the lone retainer had been permitted to soliloquize, back-stairs, just once.

Robert Finch.

SILVER SHADOWS: Theresa E. Thomson; Ryerson Chap-Book No. 144; pp. 12.

EAST COAST: Elizabeth E. Brewster; Ryerson Chap-Book No. 145; pp. 8.

CITY HALL STREET: Raymond Souster; Ryerson Chap-Book No. 146; pp. 8.

THE SEARCHING IMAGE: Louis Dudek; Ryerson Chap-Book No. 147; pp. 12.

IT WAS A PLANE: Tom Farley; Ryerson Chap-Book No. 148; pp. 12.

MINT AND WILLOW: Ruth Cleaves Hazelton; Ryerson Chap-Book No. 149; pp. 12.

VIEWPOINT: Myra Lazechko-Haas; Ryerson Chap-Book No. 150; pp. 12.

Each \$1.00.

Of the four books by women poets two provide a thin stream of sensibility and little more. Theresa Thomson's *Silver Shadows* shimmers a bit and is neatly wrought. R. C. Hazelton's *Mint and Willow* is less skilful but has a somewhat wider range. A good deal more interesting is Elizabeth Brewster's *East Coast*. Her work falls into two clearly distinguishable parts: objective sketches of people and scenes, and carefully polished personal statements, reminiscent of Emily Dickinson. Among the last, "Peace" and "Granite's Not Firm Enough" are distinguished verse:

Granite's not firm enough
To stay my mind;
I must in harder stone
Foundation find.

Fire cannot burn enough,
Ice cannot freeze.
Some fiercer agony
Heal my disease.

Steel cannot cut me true
To touch the bone;
Sharper blade must divide
To make me one.

The sketches are written in longer, looser lines and are at their best when most biographical and most objective, as in "Paper Flowers," "Jamie," and "Anna." Myra Lazechko-Haas's *Viewpoint* is also worth reading. Hers is a more complex, ironic, cosmopolitan art than the others. Her images, though wide-ranging, are sure-footed and tightly knit together. One might not imagine that a detailed, point-by-point analogy between the mind and a beehive was the most promising theme for a poem, but "This Jewelled Mind" succeeds admirably, as does "The Pensioners" with a similar technique.

His stiff-stemmed back loose in the pulpy core,
The pip of life, the fleshy walls decayed,
Soon from its sheaf of bark will split, death splayed,
The hard firm fruit, the burst brown seed, betrayed.

But it has been a dream worth cherishing:
Love's pollination, Love's brief blossoming,
And last, ripe with content, the plump soft fall
To one's own orchard, one's own garden wall.

Mrs. Lazechko-Haas is less successful in broader satire, as in "After This," "Retailer," or "Bus to Baldur," whose veneer of smartness wears pretty thin.

Raymond Souster's new volume, *City Hall Street*, is animated by a hatred of the bourgeois-urban hell and by a nostalgic pastoralism (particularly in "Lambton Hills"). His manner is forceful, but the old theme needs overhauling, and his blunt instrument needs sharpening if it is to penetrate beyond the trappings of hell into hell itself. Louis Dudek's *The Searching Image* is a transitional volume, in which the fresh naivety of his best early poems has either disappeared entirely or has lost its effectiveness. That he remains one of our most skilful and interesting poets is clear enough, but the searching images don't seem to be finding a great deal at the moment. The content is much thinner than in *East of the City*, and it is perhaps significant that much the best poem is "Line and Form," a meditation on the principles of artistic tension which reminds me of nothing in his earlier work. Here, if anywhere, is the promise of the book. "Acropolis" and "Old Music" are less successful poems moving in the same direction. In the rest (except for "The Wanderer," an attractive free adaptation of the Anglo-

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Saxon) clotted imagery fails to make up for the loss of anything to say. Tom Farley's *It Was A Plane* combines a small but fluent lyric impulse, full of rhetorical questions and atmospheric dream images, with an occasional more up-to-date touch of wit. The combination is generally not a happy one, particularly in the war poems. The rhetoric seems fuzzier than it really is, and the wit seems merely smart.

O valiant young runner of no race
Where do you fly? In what formation led
Do you keep station? Say, now, did clouds flash black
With winged destruction in swift curved pursuit
And life-entangled turn to negative,
Grey metal petals falling?

But in one poem, *Cargo*, the elements of his style come together convincingly, and the result, with its grim, phantasmagoric, ballad-like atmosphere, is an undeniable achievement.

If these seven chap-books share anything, it is a narrowness of content and technique (particularly structural). They have little to communicate beyond a few random impressions loosely strung together. The average poem is either a thin lyric cry or an impressionistic sketch. Discursive, argumentative verse is almost non-existent, narrative poetry doesn't range beyond the vignette, the dramatic monologue is no longer dramatic. I suspect that it is forty years too late to limit one's technique to presenting "an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time," to quote Pound's famous definition of an image. The result is no longer liberating.

Milton Wilson.

LET IT COME DOWN: Paul Bowles; Random House; pp. 311; \$4.00.

This is the second novel from the young American author whose *The Sheltering Sky* caused him to be ranked among the most promising of the postwar crop. As in his first work, Bowles has set his scene in North Africa, where his central character, a rootless, aimless young New York bookkeeper is drawn into and destroyed by the human jungle that is Tangier. In form, the novel resembles the Hemingway tour de force closely enough that it might have been titled "The Short Unhappy Life of Nelson Dyar." Bookkeeper Dyar, seeking to find himself, looks in some rather unlikely places, but seems to be making some progress after he summons up courage enough to hi-jack nine thousand pounds in black market currency. Then the environment catches up with him, and we leave him facing arrest for the hashish-inspired, entirely pointless, murder of an Arab friend. This is an uninterestingly-written story about a highly uninteresting person. To be fair to Bowles, his Nelson Dyar is intended to be uninteresting—Dyar's significant quality is his hollowness, his nothingness. And, to be fair again, there are a great many Dyars in the world today—the trouble is that they hardly seem worth writing, or reading, about.

Larry Rogers.

Our Contributors

PATRICK ANDERSON, formerly of Montreal, is with the English department of the University of Malaya, Singapore . . . ANNE MARRIOTT, of Prince George, B.C., has been a frequent contributor to the CBC, as well as *The Forum* . . . HELEN CREIGHTON, collector of Nova Scotian folksongs, is the author of *Songs and Ballads of Nova Scotia* and *Traditional Songs of Nova Scotia* . . . BARRY COUGHLIN writes us that he is "a Canadian living in Kitchener" . . . CLARE BICE is curator of The Public Library and Art Museum of London, Ont. . . KATHRYN MUNRO, of Toronto, is a well-known poet.

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